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CHICAGO LEDGER

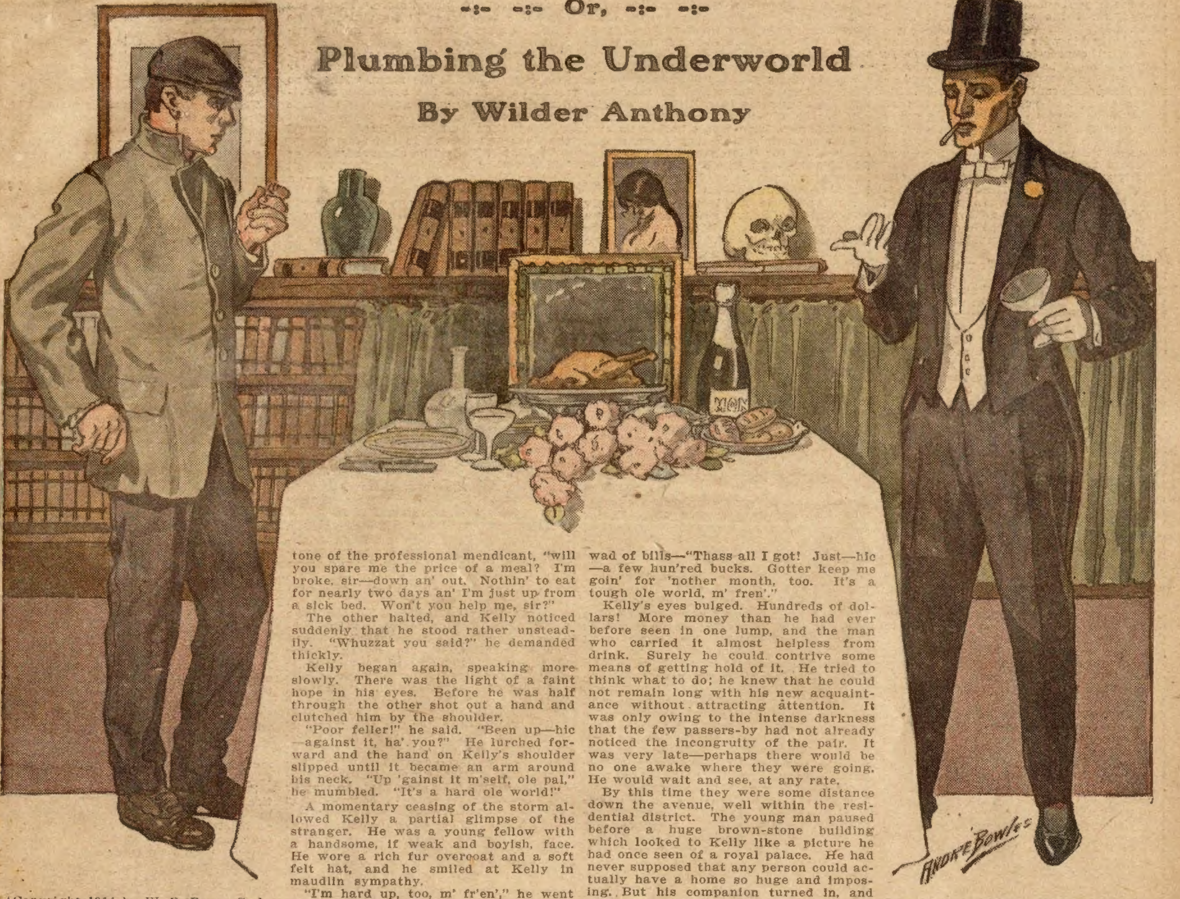
VOL. XLII, NO. 48. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1914. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS

A Millionaire Detective

Or,

Plumbing the Underworld

By Wilder Anthony



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PART I.

IN THE NIGHT.

TIM KELLY, better known to the police as "The Weasel," was cold and very hungry. As he tramped along the avenue the icy December wind cut through his thin and ragged clothing like a knife. Little flakes of snow, hard as polished crystal, were beginning to fall. Already the deserted pavement was carpeted with white. It was very late, and Kelly was without the ten cents necessary for a night's lodging. Twice he had started toward a police station, that last hope of the homeless vagrant, and each time his heart had failed him at the sight of a familiar blue uniform—he had good reason to fear the representatives of the law. At last, however, he became desperate. With a muttered oath he turned in the direction of the nearest station house. He would be warm there at any rate; anything was better than death from starvation and freezing. In the blinding swirl of the storm he almost ran against a muffled figure going in the opposite direction.

"Please, Mister," he whined, in the tone of the professional mendicant, "will you spare me the price of a meal? I'm broke, sir—down an' out. Nothin' to eat for nearly two days an' I'm just up from a sick bed. Won't you help me, sir?"

The other halted, and Kelly noticed suddenly that he stood rather unsteadily. "Whuzzat you said?" he demanded thickly.

Kelly began again, speaking more slowly. There was the light of a faint hope in his eyes. Before he was half through the other shot out a hand and clutched him by the shoulder.

"Poor feller!" he said. "Been up—hic—against it, ha' you?" He lurched forward and the hand on Kelly's shoulder slipped until it became an arm around his neck. "Up 'gainst it m'self, ole pal," he mumbled. "It's a hard ole world!"

A momentary ceasing of the storm allowed Kelly a partial glimpse of the stranger. He was a young fellow with a handsome, if weak and boyish, face. He wore a rich fur overcoat and a soft felt hat, and he smiled at Kelly in maudlin sympathy.

"I'm hard up, too, m' fr'en'," he went on. "A'most broke, or I'd loan you somethin'. Whuzzamatter wi' you, eh?"

"I've been sick in the hospital," lied Kelly.

"The devil!" exclaimed the young man, still smiling, "thass too bad! Like me—I been in hospital, too. Broken ribs—playin' football—hic—bad case. Suffered somethin' fierce for days an' days."

"I'm hungry, sir," said Kelly, when he paused.

"Hungry! Why don't you ge' somethin'—hic—t' eat?"

"I haven't any money."

"Why don't you go home then, same's me?"

"I haven't any home," Kelly replied.

"No home! Stranger here, eh? Stormin', too, thass bad! Thass too dam' bad! Better come wiz me—yes, thass bright idea, we'll go home an' ha' some supper—hic—togesser. Awful lonesome, though—family in Europe. I'm all 'lone; everybody but servants gone 'way. Come on—hic—you come wiz yer ole college chum!"

He grasped Kelly by the arm and started down the street, pulling the tramp along with him. "'S not far," he urged, "'bout two blocks, thass all. Be a game sport—hic—an' come 'long. We'll light up an' have a drink, then we'll ha' some supper. I'd show you the town, ole pal, but I'm a'most busted. 'Struth, s' help me! Look!"—he thrust a hand into his pocket and drew out a bulky wad of bills—"Thass all I got! Just—hic—a few hun'red bucks. Gotter keep me goin' for 'nother month, too. It's a tough ole world, m' fren'."

Kelly's eyes bulged. Hundreds of dollars! More money than he had ever before seen in one lump, and the man who carried it almost helpless from drink. Surely he could contrive some means of getting hold of it. He tried to think what to do; he knew that he could not remain long with his new acquaintance without attracting attention. It was only owing to the intense darkness that the few passers-by had not already noticed the incongruity of the pair. It was very late—perhaps there would be no one awake where they were going. He would wait and see, at any rate.

By this time they were some distance down the avenue, well within the residential district. The young man paused before a huge brown-stone building which looked to Kelly like a picture he had once seen of a royal palace. He had never supposed that any person could actually have a home so huge and imposing. But his companion turned in, and without audible comment, the tramp followed him.

As the boy fumbled for his latch-key, Kelly saw something fall softly to the floor of the porch. Unnoticed he stooped and picked it up, and by the dim light which filtered through the glass of the door he saw it was a fifty dollar bill. He had just time to conceal it before his companion turned the lock. Obeying the pressure on his arm, he stepped inside and heard the door close behind him.

It was an audacious thing for Kelly to do, but at that moment he was too excited to weigh the risk. Never before had he been within such a splendid mansion. Its vast size and rich, costly appearance awed him. Every instant he expected some one to come and kick him out. The place where he stood was dimly lighted, but he could see a long hall stretching before him, and a great staircase rising at the farther end of it. There were many large pictures on the walls and a soft, velvety carpet under foot. Over all the faint yellow light shed its radiance, like the glimmering sunset in a shadowy forest.

"Come on!" said the youthful owner of all this luxury. "Come on, let's ha' some supper. Servants 're all gone t' bed; but there'll be something in my rooms. Always ha' some supper when I get home."

He led the way and Kelly followed him up the polished stairs and along another hallway, finally turning in at a door on the left. As his host touched a button and the electric lights blazed, the tramp gazed about him like one in a dream.

The room in which he found himself was furnished as a den. In the center was an oak table covered with books and smoker's implements. The walls were decorated with college colors, flags, posters, photographs and hunting pictures. An enormous moose head faced an elk head on the opposite wall, while bear and tiger skins covered the floor. There was a Morris chair and a sofa, a window-seat strewn with soft pillows of fantastic hues, a big desk and a bookcase. A door opened into a large, beautifully-appointed bedroom with a bathroom adjoining. On a small table at one side were several plates and covered dishes, which the famished Kelly eyed with longing.

"Come right in!" said the young proprietor hospitably. "Come in an' make yourself at home, m' fren'." He threw himself into one of the big armchairs and yawned.

"I say, ole sport," he continued, "tell us your name? Mine's Burden—Harold Burden."

"Kelly, sir," answered the tramp, glancing about him in a dazed fashion. Such comfort and luxury disconcerted him. "Well, Mr. Kelly," said the host.

"let's have a drink an' somethin' to eat. It's all here waitin' for us." He arose and went over to the table. Kelly followed him.

Nestling in a bucket of ice beneath the table were two bottles. Hastily opening one of these, Burden filled a glass and drank it at a draught. "Ah," he sighed, "thass good!" And then to Kelly: "Sit down an' help yourself, ole man. I'm not hungry; couldn't eat a bite to save me."

He lifted the covers and exposed an assortment of food which almost took his starved companion's breath away. There was cold beef, a salad, bread and butter, and several dishes of which the guest did not know the names.

Kelly began eating without further talk. He ate wolfishly, shoveling the food into his mouth as rapidly as he could chew and swallow it. For the moment he was oblivious to his surroundings, his companion, everything except his gnawing hunger. He did not stop for breath until he had cleaned every plate on the table. At last, with a deep sigh of relief, he leaned back. He had never tasted such food before and never expected to again; but it was enough that his appetite had gone, he was full—stuffed, until his skin felt tight as a drum.

Suddenly his wits returned to him and a startled expression flitted across his face. He must be up and moving. Any minute some one might appear to question his presence there. He had committed no evil as yet, but he knew that it would be hard to convince any sober person of the fact. His past record was against him. He rose to his feet and glanced at Burden. The young man was asleep in his chair.

Kelly's eyes glittered covetously. "So easy," he muttered. "Hundreds of dollars, maybe thousands, in the house! They'd hardly miss it, and I'm all alone here. I must get busy!" He crossed the room and began to fumble with his host's fur overcoat.

In the very act of taking the money, however, he hesitated.

"Too bad," he said to himself, "that a young feller like him should hit the booze." He eyed the sleeping youth a moment. "If he knew that whisky put me where I am, if he knew what I know about booze, he'd never touch another drop of it. He's been kind to me, kinder than any one has been for years. He's drunk, and probably that accounts for it, but I ought to be grateful just the same." He paused, and for several moments thoughtfully regarded the sleeper.

At length he reached into his pocket and took out the fifty-dollar bill that Burden had dropped on the porch. Smoothing it between his fingers, he gazed lovingly at it. It meant so much to him, that fifty dollars. His wants were very simple and he was trained and used to hardship. With this bill and the others in Burden's overcoat he could live in comparative luxury all winter. Cold and hunger need have no terrors for him for many weeks to come. And yet Burden had treated him kindly. For a time, at least, he had been treated as an equal by the young aristocrat. As he stood thinking, a clock somewhere in the house struck four times. Its deep sonorous tones aroused him; before very long the servants would be moving about. He must go at once.

With the quick determination of one who suddenly makes up his mind to a definite course of action, he stuffed the fifty into his pocket and picked up the overcoat. He was slipping into it when his body stiffened tensely and he cocked his head to one side in an attitude of listening. His quick ear had caught a soft, almost inaudible sound outside the room—some one was stealthily ascending the stairs. Instantly on the alert, Kelly shot one swift glance at his sleeping host and tiptoed across the room to the door, where he dropped the coat and crouched down against the wall. For a few seconds he listened breathlessly, then he reached up and switched off the lights. He had no intention of being caught in the room like a rat in a trap if he could help it. He knew what would happen if he was discovered there, and, now that he was warmed and fed, he had no desire to renew his acquaintance with the police.

Noiselessly opening the door, he edged out into the hall and crept to the head of the stairs. Here, huddled against the banisters, he peered down to the lower floor. At first, in the dim light, he saw nothing unusual, and he was beginning to think that he had been needlessly alarmed when a shadow detached itself from the deeper, darker one in a corner of the lower hall and glided silently up the stairs. As it came nearer this shadow developed into the figure of a man, a squat, misshapen figure clad in rough clothing and with a slouch hat pulled low over its eyes.

Kelly thought rapidly. One quick look told him all that he needed to know about the newcomer. He was there to rob the house, to do what Kelly himself five minutes before had been on the point of doing. If they joined forces the two men could probably obtain enough loot to keep them for months, but if, on the other hand, Burden should awake, and the burglar was armed, as he probably was, the young man might be killed. Racked by conflicting emotions, some of which were entirely new to him, Kelly strove desperately to make up his mind; but it was not until the stranger had approached within arm's length of him that he did so. Then in one swift motion he swung himself around the end of the banister, face to face with the newcomer.

For the fraction of a second, so great was his surprise and alarm at Kelly's sudden appearance, the burglar was motionless; then his hand darted behind him and his lips parted in a snarl like that of a wild beast. All at once, however, something in the other's look seemed to reassure him and he paused with weapon half drawn, his mouth forming a noiseless word of inquiry, to which Kelly nodded and pointed down the stairs. After an instant's hesitation the stranger turned and retraced his steps.

On the lower floor the two men faced each other, and the stranger chuckled silently.

"So you beat me to it, eh?" he whispered hoarsely. "I though I was playin' a lone hand, but it don't matter. There's plenty here for the two of us. Have you located the stuff?"

Kelly nodded. He was thinking madly, trying to concoct some plan, and the other's attitude disturbed him. He had not expected the burglar to take his presence there so good-naturedly; it made it harder than ever for him to do what he had in mind.

"We must be careful," he said, in an effort to temporize. "There's a young feller asleep upstairs and he may hear us. He only came in a little bit ago."

"Oh, the old man's son," commented the stranger. "He won't bother us any. I been watchin' this house for a month and waitin' for this chance. I know the family's all away. The boy usually comes home drunk and he oughter sleep sound, but if he wakes up—I'll quiet him."

At the pause he leered significantly and pulled a heavy slungshot from an inner pocket. "This little toy'll do the trick without a sound," he added. "Come on. Let's get busy."

He was turning toward the stairs without further speech when Kelly caught him by the arm.

"Wait," he hissed. He knew only too well what would happen if young Burden awoke while the stranger was in his room. He had seen men "quieted" before. "You're all wrong," he continued, as the other halted. "I'm on the square here. There's nothin' doin' for you."

"The hell there ain't," the burglar snarled angrily. "I know this place—its a regular mint. I'm not kickin' if you get yours, but I'm goin' to have mine. You can't play the hog with me. Leggo my arm, or I'll——" He raised the slungshot threateningly.

The next instant, without warning of any sort, Kelly sprang at him. It was a desperate thing to do, for the burglar was by far the stronger and heavier man. But, carried away by an excess of feeling which he could not clearly define even to himself, Kelly did not weigh the risks. For a few seconds, taken entirely by surprise, the burglar was borne backward; then, giving vent to a low growl of rage, he gripped the smaller man by the throat and began to choke him. Locked in a struggle as silent as it was deadly the two men swayed back and forth across the hall.

Fighting with all the strength and cunning he knew, Kelly strove desperately to break the grip on his windpipe, but he was sadly outmatched. Slowly, irresistibly, he was forced against the wall, and those iron fingers sank deeper and deeper into his throat. Half suffocated, his eyes were beginning to protrude and he was on the verge of unconsciousness, when he realized that their struggles had taken them close to a huge vase which stood on a tall pedestal near the foot of the stairs. Summoning all his ebbing strength, Kelly threw himself against this and knocked it to the floor with a heavy crash.

As the sound echoed and re-echoed through the house, the burglar swore viciously, hurled his half-unconscious victim from him, and turned to run. He knew that the noise would arouse the household, and it did. Somewhere above stairs a door opened, voices were heard, and lights began to flash up. The servants were awake at last.

With an effort Kelly dragged himself to his feet and staggered to the outer door, which had been left wide open by the fleeing burglar. He was in the act of lurching through it to the street, when he was seized by a couple of half-dressed footmen who held him securely.

Presently a fat and very much excited butler appeared clad only in shirt and pants, and puffing like a grampus. He was on his way to telephone the police when a sharp order from above stairs halted him.

"That will do, Philip," said a voice. "You need not summon help until we need it. Our prisoner seems quite harmless just as he is. Bring him upstairs to my den—I want to look at him."

The butler gasped, while the footmen, two sturdy young fellows, grinned at each other.

"But, Mr. Burden," Philip objected, "this person is—er—desperate, sir. He's a criminal, sir, and if I might suggest—the police, I——"

To this outburst the man on the stairs made no reply. He merely motioned to the footmen to follow him and mounted to the second floor.

As for the second time that night he was ushered into Harold Burden's cozy little room, Tim Kelly was even more surprised than at first. He could scarcely believe that the smiling young man who faced him so coolly was the helpless drunkard of an hour before. In all his extensive experience in such matters he had never seen a man sober up so rapidly.

In response to their master's directions the footmen seated their prisoner in a chair and left the room, without so much as a lift of the eyebrows as evidence that they saw anything strange in the proceeding.

When they had gone Burden closed the door and turned to the tramp.

"Well, Mr. Kelly," he observed, "you've had a rather strenuous evening. Don't look as though you were gazing at a ghost, man. I'm real flesh and blood and perfectly sober—never was drunk, in fact. It was merely acting, done for a purpose which I will presently explain."

Kelly, goggle-eyed in spite of himself, squirmed in his chair. Save for a slight bruise on his cheek and a redness about the throat he showed no signs of his recent conflict; but he was beyond his depth mentally. He could not realize that the self-assured, masterful young man who confronted him was actually the intoxicated youth he had met on the street. His mind groped blindly for something tangible in the chaos of amazement that possessed it.

"For certain reasons of my own," Burden went on, "I am interested in the sort of people with whom, I take it, you are in the habit of associating. I wish to study them at first hand, but I realize fully that the thing presents certain difficulties. I need first of all an introduction, so to speak, into the realm of crime. I wish to enter the underworld as a part of it, not as a mere sightseer and outsider. Understand?"

Kelly nodded, although he was still a long way from getting the other's meaning. He was recovering his nerve, however, and beginning to feel that there was a chance for him after all. He listened carefully while the other continued.

"My assumption of drunkenness," he said, "fooled you as completely as I expected and intended that it should. While you thought me asleep I was watching you, and I noted your struggle with temptation. Afterward, from the darkness of the upper hall, I witnessed your fight with the man you supposed to be bent on robbing me. You did well and bravely, even though the 'burglar' was in my employ and the whole thing was staged as a test for you. By that fight, however, you proved that you are capable of gratitude, and it is my opinion that a man who feels that, no matter how degraded he may be otherwise, is worthy of trust.

"By your method of ending the struggle, of turning almost certain defeat into partial victory, you showed that you have wit, even if it did prove expensive to me—that vase was a costly one, but I don't regret it. You successfully passed through the ordeal I had prepared. Here is the gist of the thing.

"In return for certain services which you can render me should you accept my offer, I will feed you and clothe you and pay you enough to make it worth while so long as you keep faith with me. Your work will be congenial and you will be treated well if you accept. If you refuse, I shall turn you over to the police immediately. You have a marked fifty-dollar bill of mine in your pocket—evidence in plenty to send you to prison for some years. You'll accept, I think, won't you?"

Kelly stared in astonishment.

"So help me, guv'nor," he burst out, at length, "I don't get your game, but I'll go you. If you don't mind my sayin' it, your about the smoothest guy I ever run across. I'll work for you harder'n I ever worked before. Just try me."

"Very good." Burden touched a bell on his desk and directed the servant who answered it to show Kelly to a room where he could sleep.

"I'll see you later on after you have rested," he told the tramp. "You may keep the fifty you took from me as an advance on your wages. Good night."

In a kind of daze Kelly turned to follow his guide. It was not until he had traveled half the length of the hall that speech returned to him.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" he muttered, under his breath.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

Be sure and read "The Millionaire Detective; or, Plumbing the Underworld," and the new boys' story, "Spurs Well Won; or, The Wolf Patrol," in this issue. Next week look out for a great story, called, "Isobel, the Czar's Spy; or, Empires at Stake," a story leading up to the present European war, to be followed by a fascinating story for women, entitled, "Pansy Wayne's Honeymoon; or, The Green Motor Cloak." Some of the finest stories ever written are to appear in the Ledger during this winter. Take the Ledger regularly so you won't miss them.

* * *

Music's Charms.

There is a young man in a small town who some time ago conceived a romatic passion for a young woman. And being of a poetical turn he came to the decision that the only way to pay her proper attention was to serenade her, the more especially because he was somewhat in awe of the very business-like, red-faced, quizzical father, whom he would have to encounter if he commenced by calling the customary way.

So, unlikely as it may seem, he practiced up on his college mandolin and began the series of song recitals. They were received with even more enthusiasm than he could have hoped. Every night there was gentle applause, and occasionally a flower flew out of the window. The lady never showed her face, but the young man approved her delicate reserve.

The serenading went on for some weeks. The young woman did not speak of it when they met, although he fancied he read her appreciation in her face. And at last he decided it was time to broach the subject and bring matters to a head, and he began gently.

But the lady stared at him in blank surprise, and then she burst into peals of unseemly mirth.

"So that was what father has been at," she gasped. "I knew he meant something by so much talk about falling to sleep to music, and all that sort of thing. My room is way at the other side of the house. But how he must have been enjoying this!"

* * *

A Long Time Ahead.

Prof. C. F. Marvin, head of the United States Weather Bureau, tells this story of an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania, which was sent to one of our Southern States some years ago for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse.

The day preceding the event, one of the professors said to an old colored man who was employed in the household wherein the scientist was quartered:

"Sam, if you watch your chickens tomorrow morning you will find that they'll go to roost at eleven o'clock."

Sam, as might be expected, was skeptical, but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened and the chickens, as foretold, retired to roost. At this the old negro's amazement knew no bounds, and he diligently sought out the scientist.

"Perfesser,' said he, "how long 'go did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," said the professor, indulging in a faint smile.

"Well, ef dat don't beat all!" was the man's perplexed reply. "Why, Perfessor, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched!"

* * *

Had Not Gone.

He was a new customer from the country, and he had given a fairly large order. The courteous old senior partner was conducting him over the establishment, and the various improvements caused Mr. Giles boundless astonishment. A table telephone interested him as much as anything. He had never seen anything of the sort before.

"It is a great convenience to us," explained the senior partner. "You see, I can communicate with all our departments without moving from my seat here."

"My, that's wonderful!" said Giles. "Can I try it for myself?"

"Certainly."

The visitor got himself switched on to the packing-room.

"Have Mr. Giles of Mudbury's goods been sent off yet?" he inquired.

Back came the answer:

"No; we haven't packed 'em yet. We're waiting for a telegram from his town; he looks like a slippery customer."

The Electric Flame

Or, Brahm Yogi's Power

By George Weymouth

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]
Begun in No. 46, November 4. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WOLF SHOWS HIS TEETH.

MARY CAREW, her face slightly flushed and eyes unusually bright, entered the servant's door and came face to face with a remarkable stranger — a yellow man whom she classed at once as a Hindu. She noted the smile on his pitted face, and saw that he was dressed fashinoably and carried himself with the air of a very young man.

"Miss Carew," he whispered, "just a word. I am the Brahm Yogi. I am also Marcus Crane's valet. I am therefore to be trusted. Here, I have the job of protecting you. The wolf is beginning to show his teeth."

"But—I have just left Mr. Crane. How could he send you here already?"

"He does not know I am here."

"Then how could you know—about me?"

"Do not look so frightened, Miss Carew. Smile a little. There, that is better. As for knowing—I am of the East. I know you," he smiled reassuringly, "and I know, alas, that danger threatens you. Be careful! but be brave, and trust me."

"They will not let you stay here, sir."

"Ah, that is not hard. I am engaged to decorate the sitting-room of the Memsahib Branders—to reproduce for her a corner of the parlor in the English hotel. The unhappy lady wishes to luxuriate in her mournful memories."

Mary Carew shivered at this uncanny idea. Life at the house of Branders was becoming very complicated, indeed.

The man turned away from her suddenly and began to examine the wall paper in the hall.

"Be silent," he whispered, "some one comes." Then aloud—"Mrs. Branders wished me to consult you. I think the friezes should be a little bit——"

"Pardon, Miss Carew——" it was the butler's voice and he was standing at Mary's elbow. "Mr. Branders wishes to see you in the library. Will you come at once?"

"Certainly, Williams. I have been out. I will run up for a minute to leave my coat and hat, and see if Mrs. Branders is comfortable."

"Pardon me, Miss Carew, but——" Williams looked a little uncomfortable. "He said at once, and he is sometimes a little impatient. If you don't mind, I will inquire after Mrs. Branders myself, and will have Katie stay with her until you have finished. If you don't mind."

"Very well, Williams, it doesn't matter;" and as she followed him to the library door, she said, "I think Mr. Branders has sent for a physician. If he comes, Williams, I would like to see him. There is something I think I should tell him. Can you manage it for me?"

"Yes, Miss Carew. I understand. I will manage it."

"Thank you, Williams."

Branders was standing by the window. He turned slowly as Mary entered, and motioned to a chair.

She sat down without a word, and he stood leaning his elbow against the top of a book case, his dark face clouded, and his eyes somber. The girl had seen him a few times before, but she thought he looked especially dreadful today. Perhaps her mind was influenced by some of the things she had recently heard. She was sure she never had seen a man who seemed at once so strong and so full of evil.

"I want to talk to you about my wife, Miss Carew."

"Yes, Mr. Branders."

"I have telegraphed her mother, as you suggested. And I have made an appointment with her physician at three o'clock." He looked at his watch. "It is now scarcely two. I see you have your coat on. Perhaps you are going out?"

"No, I have just come in, Mr. Branders."

"Then, perhaps, you won't mind if I detain you for a minute. You walk in the park sometimes?"

There was a significance in the question that caused Mary to tremble.

"Why, yes," she faltered. "Nearly every day for an hour."

"Ah," he said, sneeringly. "I thought I saw you today. You were with somebody?"

"I met a friend," said Mary calmly. She was indignant now, and her courage had come back to her. What business of his was it if she met a friend in the park?

"Perhaps you are in my wife's confidence, Miss Carew?"

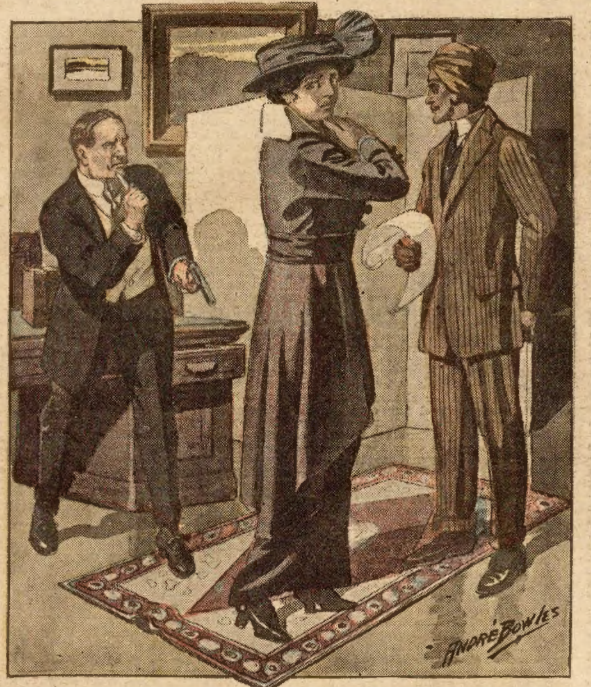
"I believe I am, sir."

"I haven't seen her for some days, as you probably know, but I have a note from her which you might like to read."

His eyes were burning as he reached in his coat pocket for the missive, but Mary drew back, hesitatingly.

"I would prefer not to read Mrs. Branders' letters to you, sir."

"Humph! Servants are not usually so punctilious. But since you are in her confidence, you may know that she is planning to take my life. Ah, I see you do know it?"



"Oh, oh!" gasped Mary Carew.

Mary was silent. She did not know what to say.

"And perhaps you also know, Miss Carew, that the man you were walking and talking with today—the man you held an hour's confidential chat with—is not a friend of mine—not a particularly good friend? Perhaps you know that?"

Mary bowed.

"But you know that he is a devoted friend of my wife's?"

"She thinks that Mr. Crane is dead, sir."

"And I, too, thought he was dead. We saw the report of his death in a Bombay paper. I tell you frankly. I am sorry he is not dead. He has disturbed the happiness of my home, young woman. If he tries to see my wife I will kill him as sure as there is a devil in hell. Will you tell him that, young woman, when you make your next report to him?"

"Sir, what do you mean," demanded Mary indignantly.

"Mean? 'Sir, what do you mean?'" he mimicked. "I mean that you are now carrying a message from him to my wife. You are telling her that he is still alive, and that his heart is at her feet. You will arrange a meeting between them, I suppose? What do you call yourself to act thus as a go-between for a crazy married woman and her lover? What name fits you?"

"You are a liar as well as a coward, Mr. Branders," she said, calmly rising to her feet, her tones cold and level, her eyes filled with contempt. "You do not hesitate to insult an unprotected girl, or to hire an assassin to do your killing."

She was moving haughtily toward the door, but he sprang in front of her.

"Sit down, you angel-faced she-devil," he commanded. "Sit down. Don't I know you're not a servant? Don't I know you're a spy? I am going to have the truth out of you—the whole truth—if I have to choke it out of you. I'm going to get to the heart of this business here and now. By G——, I will."

Branders' face was livid. His hands were working like claws, as if he were indeed anxious to have them at her throat. He was a devil, torn with passion, foaming at the mouth, insane with rage.

"Help," cried Mary faintly, but her voice seemed to die in her throat. As she backed away from him she saw the library door open, and the nonchalant, slender little Hindu strolled in and carefully began to study the walls and ceilings. Apparently he did not see the other occupants of the room.

Mary knew that she was saved, and she felt her knees giving way under her as she sank into a chair.

CHAPTER XIV.

BRAHM YOGI AND THE WOLF.

"WHO the devil are you?" demanded Branders, wheeling toward the intruder.

The little valet turned and looked at the threatening big man in mild surprise.

"I, Sahib? Who am I?" he asked. "Why, I am nothing; a mere workman engaged by the Sahib's gracious lady. You see she wants to reproduce a certain oriental effect which she once admired in Parlor C of the English Hotel in Bombay. I believe she has some tender memories connected with the place. Of course the Sahib knows his lady's thought?"

The little man paused, and as Branders made no reply, seeming to be speechless with passion, indeed—Brahm Yogi rambled on benignly.

"The lady engaged me because I have somewhat of fame in that line or work. And also because I am familiar with that hotel. Indeed, I was there last January, on the night of the twentieth, if the Sahib has any reason to recall that date. It was the day the Sahib, with his wife and mother, took the train for Madras."

Thus the Brahm Yogi explained, patiently as if to a dull child, and it seemed to Mary that Branders would positively die of rage. His great body was convulsed. The veins in his neck were swollen. Foam flecked his lips. He seemed about to advance on his tormentor, but staggered and held to the book case for support.

"You see it is necessary, Sahib"—the valet turned again idly to examine the walls of the library—"to make this room of the lady's correspond with the rest of the house. That is why I am studying this room. I like the colors here. They are so soothing and restful. Does not the Sahib find them so? I congratulate him on having such a place for his books. A man could not be agitated here. He could not be torn with evil passions, where all is so solemn and so beautiful. Is it not so, young lady?"

He turned to Mary as if he had just then discovered her presence.

"I don't know," she faltered. "It should be so."

By this time Branders had recovered from his agitation. His face was gray, and his eyes gleamed, but he no longer trembled.

"Go to your room, Miss Carew," he commanded, huskily. "After I have settled the matter of the decorations with this—person—I will speak to you again about your mistress."

Mary half rose, hesitated, and then sat down again. She read murder in the wolf's eyes—a cold, deliberate fury. She believed him capable of any crime, and she knew that the valet was no match for this giant. By her very presence she could save Brahm Yogi from the wrath of Branders, even as the entrance of the valet had saved her.

"I think I will—stay," she said as calmly as she could. "It seems that Mrs. Branders wanted the decorator to consult me about the rooms."

"Oh," said Branders. He strode swiftly to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"So you two are in league," he said in a terrible voice. "Spies, set upon me by my wife's lover. You think you can flout me and defy in my own house. But you do not know me. I made the mistake once of engaging another to do my work. Now I will do it myself."

He took two swift steps to the library table and opened a drawer from which he drew a deadly automatic gun.

"I am going to kill you both," he said with dreadful calmness. "A man has a right to protect himself against assassins in his own library. I will have no trouble in proving that you came here to take my life."

He hesitated a moment and then his face lit up with fiendish joy.

"I have it," he said, taking a stiletto from the drawer. "You," he pointed the stiletto at Brahm Yogi, "you have attacked me with this knife. You have made a desperate effort to cut my throat—like this—" He unflinchingly drew the keen blade across the point of his own chin.

"Oh, oh," gasped Mary Carew, as she saw the blood spurt from the cruel, self-inflicted wound.

Branders threw the knife on the floor and took up the pistol.

"Now," he said, "the law will protect me. You have tried to stab me and I begin to fire at you, blindly. The young lady, in her fright and excitement, gets in the way, and she, too, is killed. After that I will attend to the case of your master, Marcus Crane. There will be no failure."

It was a strange picture, a scene never to be forgotten by Mary at least.

Branders, malignant, triumphant, sure of his victims, was snarling like a wolf indeed.

The little Hindu, smiling, serene, seemed utterly unaware of the danger that menaced them.

Mary could not move. She closed her eyes and breathed a prayer as Branders raised the automatic and pointed it at the Hindu's breast.

Suddenly she realized that the Brahm Yogi was speaking, and that Branders had not fired.

"The Sahib's plan is clever," said the Hindu, and although his words were calm, his low tone was like an icicle. "It is worthy of the Sahib's master, who is the devil. But the Sahib's hand is paralyzed. Try as he may, the Sahib cannot press the trigger. Is it not so?"

Mary looked and saw a singular smile on the face of the Hindu. But his eyes were like points of flame. She turned to Branders. He was gazing at his own hand in fascination. Then a slow fright passed over his face—the fright of a man who is grasped by a power which he can neither understand nor combat.

"It is not to be, Sahib," continued the Brahm Yogi. "It is useless to fight against fate. The day of the Sahib's power is ended. His evil passions are not dead, but they are broken. The Sahib will put the knife and the gun back in the drawer."

He paused, and Branders obeyed him. As meekly as a whipped child he picked up the knife from the floor and put both of the weapons back in the drawer.

"The Sahib will now unlock the door."

Without a word Branders unlocked the door, leaving the key in the lock.

"With the Sahib's permission we will now retire," continued the Hindu. "I have no power over the Sahib's life, save to protect the two whom I have protected. He may not harm them. Himself he will continue to harm. One might pity the Sahib's fate, but the agony of today and tomorrow, and the swiftly coming tragic end—these are necessary for the purification of the soul. When he lives again the Sahib will be a better man. In humility and sacrifice he can repay the debt to all he is now wronging. It will be well."

"Oh, God!" cried Branders.

It was at once a curse and a prayer.

"Now, Miss Carew, let us go," said the Yogi. "Your unhappy mistress will be cared for. Even now her mother comes."

He assisted Mary to her feet and drew her hand through his arm and led her to the door.

Then he turned once more to Branders, who stood with bowed head and drooping shoulders in the center of the room.

"Beware of the Weasel, Sahib," he said gently. "And at the end, may the peace of God be with you."

As they passed out Branders never moved. They closed the door behind them and met Mrs. Chester in the hall.

"You did not get my letter?" asked Mary.

"No; but I was so worried about Lillian that I came back."

"She needs your care," said Mary. "I am leaving." In a few swift words she explained the condition of her mistress, and then, as Mrs. Chester hurried upstairs to her daughter's room, Mary and the Brahm Yogi departed.

CHAPTER XV.

SEES THE CONSUL'S WIFE.

CRANE'S telephone bell rang.

"Hello, Mr. Crane?"

"Yes?"

"This is Mary Carew."

"Oh, yes, Miss Carew?"

"I promised to let you know if anything happened—and oh, so much has happened that my head is in a whirl. I cannot tell you all, now. But the main thing is, I have left the Branders house."

"Glad to hear that, Miss Carew. Where are you now?"

"At the British consul's house."

"I am coming to see you at once."

"Oh, Mr. Crane, I think——"

"I am coming at once, Miss Carew. Good-by."

And he hung up the receiver before she could refuse him.

For a young man with a reputation of never having an emotion, of never being disturbed by emergencies, Crane's conduct was now most inconsistent. He rang wildly for his car. He changed neckties three times in five minutes, having called vainly for his valet. He brushed his coat with the hairbrush, having forgotten entirely to comb his hair, and at last when the machine was at the door he rushed out of the house like a fireman answering a 4-11 alarm.

At the consul's house he was ushered into the library, where Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers were waiting to receive him.

Mary Carew was not present, and though he was burning with anxiety, Crane introduced himself in due form and permitted the consul's wife to catechise him in that clever way women of the world have of learning all about a man's position in life without asking a single direct question.

Then Mrs. Chalmers told him about Mary Carew—of her father's death, and of her trip to America; of the disappearance of her brother and of the girl's determination to go into service rather than half starve herself in one of the sweated industries.

Crane of course was intensely interested in this melancholy story, and he knew that it was told for his benefit, though the particulars seemed to come casually in the course of conversation.

"And now I am afraid something has happened to my poor little girl," the consul's wife concluded. "She came here an hour ago, as I had told her to come to me in case of need. She was very much agitated. She seems unable or unwilling to tell me what occurred, but she insisted on telephoning to you, and I didn't know, even, that she was acquainted with you. You must realize, Mr. Crane, that I am very much concerned over this motherless girl. I mean to protect her. If you know anything that I should know, I am sure you will tell me?"

"I met Miss Carew today under the most peculiar circumstances," said Crane. "I was afraid that she was in danger."

"If I thought that beast of a Branders had been trying to make love to her," exclaimed Mrs. Chalmers, "I would be sorry that the day of the duello is over. Somebody ought to wring his neck. I telephoned to Lillian but could not get her on the line. The household seemed in a ferment of excitement. Do you know what has happened, Mr. Crane?"

"I do not know what has happened today," said Crane, gravely. "That is why I am anxious to see Miss Carew. I do know, however, something about the position there and I think it is my duty to tell you all. It is a most unhappy story, and my part in it is not at all heroic. If you know Mr. and Mrs. Branders at all you may be able to understand it."

"I know them both."

Then Crane told them of his early acquaintance with the Chesters, and of the engagement item which Lillian had sent to the papers without his knowledge. Of his own chagrin he spoke lightly, but he told of his departure from Chicago and of his three years' travel, of the meeting at Bombay, and of Branders' fury and his threat; of the attempt on his life and of the confession made by the would-be assassin; of his return home and of the meeting with Mary Carew and of the promise he had exacted from her.

"There is another part of the story which you would hardly credit, Mrs. Chalmers. I met in Lhasa a strange old Hindu fakir who had an uncanny knowledge of my fate. He followed me to Bombay and warned me of the proposed assassination. It was he, really, that saved my life. He seemed to know about Mary Carew, and what he told me impressed me so powerfully that when I met her this afternoon I knew that she was the one woman in the world for me. I have not had love affairs like most young men, Mrs. Chalmers. My friends have called me emotionless."

She smiled and nodded. "Since you mention it, Mr. Crane, I find that your reputation is not entirely unknown to me."

"I love Mary Carew," he said steadily. "The dearest wish I have in the world is to make her my wife—to have the opportunity to teach her to love me. I hope that will be possible, because I believe our lives have been led together from the opposite sides of the world. I should not presume, of course, to speak to her of love at present, but I hope some way will be found to have her sheltered and provided for until I have had my chance to win her trust and love. I cannot bear that she should go out to work while I have millions."

The consul's wife was touched, as any good woman must have been, by this manly speech. She came over and gave the young man her hand.

"My dear Mr. Crane," she said, "I just love you. We will help you all we can, won't we, John?"

"Indeed we will," said the consul. "But we will have to consider the girl's pride. My wife has offered to give her a home here, but she insists on earning her own living. Now, if you could marry her at once, it would simplify the whole matter."

"No, no," protested Mrs. Chalmers. "Mary must have her chance. She must have her wooing and her romance. If she learns to love Mr. Crane, as I sincerely hope she will, then we will have a wedding here at the consulate that will be the talk of the town. But she must not be hurried."

"May I not see her for a minute, please?" begged Crane.

Mrs. Chalmers glanced at the clock over her husband's desk.

"Not now, Mr. Crane. But you may dine with us this evening. You have just time to go home and get your dinner coat. I will tell Mary that you have been here. If she rouses herself sufficiently to dress to meet you, then I shall have hopes for you."

"You are more than kind, Mrs. Chalmers. But please tell her that I was here and that you were an ogre and would not let me in. It may be that there is something she wants to tell me, and that she would be hurt if she thought I had failed to come."

"I will be your advocate, Mr. Crane," she smiled. "Do not fear. And I need not tell you to hurry back."

CHAPTER XVI.

BRAHM YOGI SHAKES HANDS.

UPON reaching home Crane rang at once for his valet and Brahm Yogi strolled serenely in.

"Get out an evening suit, Brahm, please. I think the tuxedo will do. I am going to dine at the British consul's. By the way, old boy, I think I have met the little Marie of whom you told me."

"Yes, Sahib." The valet produced a clean shirt and laid it on the bed.

"You don't seem interested," reproached Crane. Now that he had publicly proclaimed his love to the consul and Mrs. Chalmers, it seemed more real to him.

"Did the Sahib see Miss Carew?" asked the valet idly, as he brought the trousers from the closet.

"Great Scott, Brahm, what do you know about Miss Carew?"

"Her name is Mary, Sahib. That is the English for Marie."

"The little Marie!" murmured Crane softly. "But what do you know about her?"

"Oh, I took her to the English consulate in a taxicab awhile ago. The Sahib owes me four dollars. I have the receipt here."

Brahm removed a tuxedo from its hanger and looked carefully to see if there was a crease in the shoulder, while Crane regarded him in speechless amazement.

"Branders Sahib saw Crane Sahib walking with the young woman in the park," continued the valet. "In his jealous imagination he thought she was my Sahib's spy—a go-between, you call it, for his lady. He was furious with her. He was mad, mad as the devil. He was about to choke her to death."

The Hindu spoke in his usual mild way and did not seem to see that Crane was trembling.

"I strolled into the library just then to look at the wall paper, Sahib. The black wolf thought we were both your spies. He was mad then—mad as two devils. He got out a gun—an automatic—and a knife, oh, so long——" He measured the length calmly with his outspread hands. "Then he stabbed himself in the chin with the knife and said I had tried to murder him; for that he would shoot me with many bullets, and would also shoot the young woman. The Wolf Sahib is clever. He had planned to make it appear that he killed me in self-defense, and that Miss Carew would get in the way and be shot by accident, but killed nevertheless."

"My God, man, what are you telling me?" Crane's face was white, and covered with sweat.

"It is not well for the Sahib to get excited. Before dinner it disturbes the digestion. Will the Sahib have his patent leathers?"

"Good heavens, man; never mind the patent leathers. Tell me the rest."

"Oh, I was there, Sahib. There was no danger. When the big Sahib tried to shoot the gun he found that his hand was paralyzed. His fingers could not pull the trigger. There was murder in his heart, but the muscles would not—how do you say it?—would not co-ordinate with the mind."

"How did you do it, Brahm? Did you hypnotize him?"

"And what is hypnosis, Sahib? It is only another name for a very great thing which the Western experimenters have not learned. Call it what you will. When the wolf found that he was helpless it frightened him. He was like a lamb. I told him to lay down the gun and the knife—and he put them in the drawer. I told him to open the door, and he did so—even so. Then I led the young lady out and took her in a taxi cab to the consul's wife. She will be safe there. The bill was four dollars. I expect the Sahib to pay it."

"And like a chump, like a fool, I let her go back into that house!" exclaimed Crane.

"Oh, was I not there? Will the Sahib not trust me? The Sahib will finish dressing at once, or he will be late to dinner."

Crane began to get into his evening clothes hurriedly.

"Trust you, Brahm? Why, old man, you bet I do. Think what you have done for me. You saved my life, and now you have saved Mary Carew, and she is more to me than forty lives."

"It has been a bad day for the Wolf," said the Hindu, as he put the studs in Crane's white shirt. "He has a cut on his chin which is not pleasant, and his wife does not like him. And now his mother-in-law, the grand memsahib with the two chins——"

"Mrs. Chester?"

"The same, Sahib. She arrived just as we departed, and Miss Carew told her to take good care of Lillian." Crane smiled in spite of himself at the familiar way his valet spoke of Mrs. Branders. "It was a great relief to the girl's mind to turn her patient over to the mother. All will be well with Miss Carew, now. Let the Sahib be patient. There is no danger ahead."

Crane was dressed now, and he wheeled on his valet with a great grin as he exclaimed:

"Confound it, you rascal. Don't I appreciate what you've done? Give me your hand. I'm going to shake it. You're my brother, I say—my brother, and I'm proud of it. Confound it, I say, don't be bashful. You've got to stand for it."

He had got hold of the valet's hand and proceeded to shake it heartily.

"The Sahib will be late," said Brahm Yogi, with a bored little smile, as he pushed Crane out of the door.

But when his master had gone the little valet looked very thoughtfully at the hand which had been shaken.

"If the starved soul feeds itself with human affection it ties itself to the world—and that is bad," he said softly. "But to serve a brave man, and to have him call you brother—that is good."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WEASEL RETURNS.

EASY come, easy go," is an adage which applies especially to the money of gamblers and thieves.

When the Weasel left Branders at Madras he thought his twenty thousand dollars was more money than ever could be spent.

Yet within a few weeks he found himself penniless, and what was more natural than to come back to Chicago to blackmail his great patron, John Branders?

The man who would pay twenty thousand dollars for a murder would surely pay something to avoid exposure, even if the murder plot had failed.

Thus it happened that while Crane was dining at the British consul's the Weasel was dining at Tony's place on West Madison street, and Branders, with bandaged chin, was dining alone at his own house north of Lincoln park. From over twelve thousand miles of land and sea these three had foregathered from Bombay to Chicago.

The back room at Tony's place was a veritable rogues' gallery, and at one of the little tables were seated the Weasel, "Mike the Red," and "Weeping Kate." Mike was a famous burglar and Kate, his wife, was an equally well known "con" woman. They had been the Weasel's pals, and together they gave him a hearty welcome.

"You two still live at the old place?" asked the Weasel, as the dinner party was ready to break up.

"Of course," said Mike. "We own that place."

"Shall we put you up, Weasel?" asked Kate.

"That's what I was going to ask you. I have a good meal ticket here, but I'll have to see how the land lies before I make a touch. Then I'll have plenty of coin."

"Who's your meal ticket, Weasel?"

"John Branders."

"What? The great John Branders?"

"Yes; I got twenty thousand out of him two months ago. I should have planted some of it, but I thought I could break the bank at Monte Carlo."

"I won't let Mike gamble," said Kate virtuously. "That's why we're never broke."

"You always was a good woman, Kate," said the Weasel, admiringly. You've certainly helped to make Mike the man he is."

There was no irony in this tribute, nor did Kate accept it as such. She was a motherly-looking big blonde, and she had the respect of the underworld. She was a charitable, conscientious, kind-hearted criminal.

"Did you fix up the bones for my dog, Willie?" asked Mike as they got ready to go. He winked slyly at the Weasel as he asked this question.

"Here they are, Mike," said the colored waiter. "I done wrapped them up. "That dog of yours certainly does eat a powerful lot o' scraps, boss."

"Oh, he's some pup, believe me," said Mike, and again he winked at the Weasel.

"What's the joke about the dog?" asked the Weasel, when they were outside.

"I'll show you when we get home," said Mike.

The trio walked three blocks north to Lake street, where they entered an old two-story building with a cigar shop on the first floor. Mike unlocked the shop and turned on the lights.

"You stay in the store, Kate, while we feed Towser," said Mike.

"I wish you wouldn't call that poor fellow Towser, Mike," sighed the woman. "I'm sorry for him."

"Does your heart credit," said Mike promptly. "Come on, Weasel."

The two men went back through the store and down into the basement. The place was filled with the ordinary odds and ends usually found in a basement. Mike turned on the electric light and then shoveled aside a little loosely scattered pile of coal, revealing a trap door in the basement floor. Raising the trap door Mike led the way down into a sub-basement, where he turned on another electric light.

The Weasel found himself in a huge, deep cellar.

On the east side stood a work table, covered with all sorts of tools.

On the north side of the cellar a number of steel and iron safes were ranged along the walls.

And on the west side the "Dog" was found, chained by the leg to another iron safe.

"The Dog," sad to say, WAS A MAN.

As revealed by the electric light he was the picture of extreme misery.

His clothes were in rags. His hair was matted. He had a three months' growth of beard. His eyes, blinking in the glare of the unaccustomed light, gleamed with wolfish ferocity.

Mike was careful not to get within reach of this wretched creature. He threw him the bundle of scraps and chuckled at the savage hunger with which the man attacked the food.

"This is my laboratory," explained Mike to the Weasel. "I have had it wired, you see. I never brought you down here before, but I fitted this place up years ago. I owe my success to the experiments I have carried on here. You notice I have safes here with all the standard locks. I can open any one of them, no matter how intricately you set the combination, in five minutes. I can blow any door off in the same time. I can drill a hole in steel as rapidly as any burglar in the world."

"You certainly are a wonder, Mike. You deserve your success. You've worked hard for it."

"But there is one secret I must learn," sighed Mike; "a scientific secret at present not known to the profession. Without that secret I am only a dub, little better than hundreds of others. With it, I will indeed be the Master Cracksman, the greatest burglar in the world!"

Mike's eyes lit up for a moment with honest enthusiasm: Then he sighed and shook his head.

"What is this famous secret, Mike?" asked the Weasel.

"The Electric Flame, Weasel—the Electric Flame!"

"And what is that?"

"A little contraption that you can carry in your pocket and attach to any electric light fixture. With it you can simply burn away steel walls as easily

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(Continued on page seven.)

FOR FAMILY HONOR

Or, A WORLD WIDE SEARCH

By AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN
AND DR. H. L. SMITH

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Begun in No. 45, November 7. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

BILLY SANGREE'S LAST RUSE.

BUT the Captain of the Nest Egg was not half so anxious to catch up with the Island Queen as he pretended to be; several times he could have come within pistol shot but he did not. He contented himself with lingering along in their wake, even after it was plain to everybody that he could easily catch up if he wanted to. In this situation the Island Queen dared not abate her speed one jot for fear the others would think she was about to go about and give them a fight, and would draw off and take the defensive. This state of affairs lasted till the middle of the afternoon; and by that time the whole crew, including Billy Sangree, were ready to mutiny if the Captain longer refused to give them a chance at a fair fight.

Haskell saw the state of affairs and called Billy Sangree to him.

"Billy," he said. "You've helped me out of a predicament more than once. Now tell me some way to make those dirty cowards come on and fight us."

"I don't know anything else to do but just what we're doing now," protested Billy. "I can't make them any braver than they are."

"But Billy, something must be done. My entire crew are on the point of mutiny."

"All right, Captain, you follow my instruction. Luff a little and go about as if you mean to wait for that rotten Egg to come up, and we'll see if she's ready for a fight. If she don't come up then, we'll know she isn't going to give us a fight and we can change our tactics."

Haskell did as Billy suggested, and was disgusted to see that the Captain of the Nest Egg had no intention of coming up with him. He wondered then if they would be able to overhaul the Nest Egg in case it turned out to be they who had to give chase.

"Suppose we have to chase them, Mason," he asked. "Do you suppose we could come up with them?"

"I doubt it," replied Judd. "I know both of these old tubs an' I'm satisfied the Egg's the fastest."

For the next hour the Island Queen sailed away on a new tack, the Nest Egg still hanging lazily in her wake; and during that hour the officers and entire crew held a council on her deck. The council was a stormy one, and the upshot of it was that the crew was going to kick out of harness unless their Captain, for whom they protested the greatest respect meanwhile, should see fit to give the Nest Egg a fight. When everything looked gloomy for Haskell, Billy Sangree once more came to the rescue.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he cried. "Beatrice and I will have you put us out in an open boat so that dirty gang on the Egg will have to pick us up. I'll dress as a woman, an' I'll dress her in her most charming rig. When that crew picks us up we'll tell a hundred lies about the condition on board this ship, and cause those cowards to brace up and be brave enough to attack. Besides that, I'll make eyes at the Africander, and Beatrice shall make them at the Sicilian. If possible we shall persuade those two to drop overside with us and join your cause. If they won't do that, and start to giving us trouble, we'll signal you, and you can come to our rescue and give them a scrap for their money."

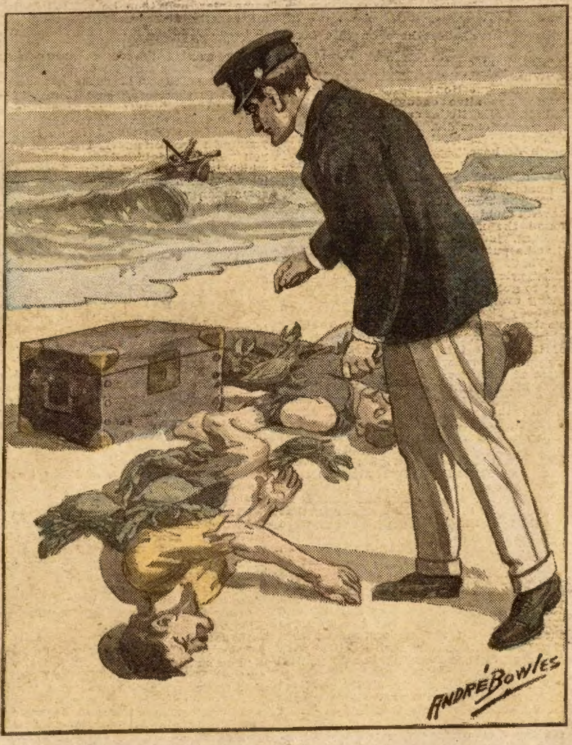
"I'll not let you do any such thing," protested Haskell. "You may go yourself, if you like, but you shall not take Beatrice. I'll not have any woman subjected to the insults she would receive and also to the almost certain dangers she would be walking into."

There was at this a perfect storm of opposition from the crew. They thought Billy's idea a capital one, and could see no reason why Beatrice should not accompany him if he wanted her to.

When Haskell would have protested further Beatrice cut the knot by saying that she was ready and anxious to go with her husband.

"Dey don't harm, me, no," she said. "Me, my fader iss one pirate; maybe he iss on dat ship. De Sicilian what call himself Terranova, and what you want to arrest—he looks like my fader, yess. Maybe his name is not Terranova but Spinoza; maybe he iss my fader or my uncle. I will go."

The whole crew sent up a cheer at this speech; and Billy at once disappeared into his tiny little stateroom to get into his woman's togs. A half hour later the officers and crew produced a great commotion on deck and during the excitement Billy and his brave little wife were both thrust overside into an open boat; and the Island Queen made all haste to leave them behind. Haskell was troubled at this thing. He felt that they were both walking into death or into what was worse than death for poor Beatrice. But he was powerless to stop them.



There was little there except the three corpses and the chest of money.

And while he stood on the deck watching with a powerful glass to see if the other crew was going to pick them up, he felt a puff of wind from an unexpected new direction. "We're going to have a change of weather," he said to himself, "I hope if there's a storm it won't drive us apart."

The crew of the Nest Egg picked up the two people in the boat. Then while both Judd Mason and Haskell strained every nerve to see how they were being received on deck of the enemy's ship, a shimmering haze overspread the face of the waters and cut the Nest Egg off from view.

"Stand by to go about with the next breeze," Haskell called to his men. "We'll have to freeze close to the Nest Egg or they'll give us the slip in this haze."

But the next breeze was a long time coming. And when they did go about and had sailed over the spot where the Egg was last seen, she was nowhere to be found. And while they searched for her night came on, and with it a new stiff breeze out of the northeast. They beat about all night, often firing signal guns in the hope that if Billy were in trouble he would manage to answer them, and thus no doubt advertising their locality and giving the Nest Egg a chance to get farther and farther out of their reach.

The breeze fell off about three in the morning, and daylight found them becalmed, in unfamiliar waters, and with no Nest Egg anywhere in sight. No doubt the Captain had profited by the breeze and by their signals and given them a wide berth. Evidently Billy had failed to impress him with the weakness of their crew. Haskell feared the very worst for Billy and Beatrice, and again and again he reproached himself with having let them go. The crew cursed their ill luck, cursed the calm, and cursed everybody and everything except Harry Haskell. He had developed a bad temper of his own that made them respect him.

For four days they lay thus becalmed, and during that seemingly interminable time Harry Haskell had time to muse upon his poor father, leading the dull routine of prison life in Sing Sing. He could hardly bear to think of that dear, old gray-haired man going down to his grave in disgrace. And then he thought of sweet Daisy Wentworth, and all that she was suffering, and he went almost mad. Just as during those sweltering days in the hold of the Nest Egg, his anger at Philip Ireton and at everything and everybody that stood between him and the vindication of his father's honor knew no bounds. It was well for the crew of the Nest Egg that they did not encounter him then. It would have gone hard with them if they had.

"Boys," he said to the crew every day of that terrible calm, "if we can come up with the Nest Egg we won't delay any longer but give her a fight, if we have to chase her around the globe to get at her. I'm sorry we let her slip by us before, but it won't happen again."

At such words as these the crew would cheer to the echo, and whet their knives to a razor edge and oil the locks of their carbines for the sixtieth time. No act of piracy against the Nest Egg would have been beyond the crew at that time. But fortunately for the Nest Egg she had completely eluded her pursuers before the coming on of the calm, and now the calm was holding them both powerless to get farther apart or to come closer together.

But on the fourth night the calm was broken by a storm such as no one of the crew of the Island Queen had ever witnessed before. It was a hurricane, a water-spout and a tidal wave in one. But terrible as it was, from the moment it made its appearance on the southwest horizon every person on board the Island Queen, unless it were the owner of the little craft, welcomed its coming.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORM.

HASKELL and Mason had studied the falling barometer during the oncoming darkness and had made ready for the storm by having the sailors furl every sail and awning on the craft; they also lowered the top-mast and made everything snug and secure. This done they all lay on deck and waited. Then suddenly, out of the murky, sultry blackness, there came a flash that lighted up the flat seas for miles and miles, followed by a rapid succession of brilliant flashes, while the deafening thunder that followed them went rolling down the horizon in never-ending peals.

Haskell had put big Judd in supreme command for the time being. It was well he did, for no one but an experienced seaman would have kept his head and known what to do during what followed.

"All hands, batten down the foc'sle hatch," shouted Judd. "Stand ready with your axes. Now hang on tooth an' nail! Here she comes!"

While Mason spoke there was a roar astern, and in a moment, around, above, and below them the pent-up fury of all those days of sultry calm was churning heaven and earth, sea and sky into chaos and destruction. Down went the Island Queen, down and over until her masts seemed about to dip into the yeasty brine, and the water came pouring through her scuppers. The desperately clinging crew wondered if she would ever right herself again. Spinks, the Irishman, was saying his Ave Marias in a loud voice, and Holloway, the owner of the craft, was wailing in a voice that could often be heard above the storm. It was as it was at the terrible Paternosters, only that there was now no Billy Sangree to cheer them up with his wild sea songs. But after a desperate struggle Haskell and Tom, who were struggling with her wildly-bucking wheel, finally brought her to rights, and she sped away before that hurricane in the first lap of her race for life or death. Three times during the next two hours she went again into the trough of the sea; but each time the two men at the wheel brought her out again, and she was again away in her race of life and death.

"If we go on a reef in this storm, we're goners, that's all," shouted big Judd into Haskell's ear.

"Oh, my Lord, I'll never see Singapore again!" shouted the owner of the craft.

The storm grew worse and worse. All masts and rigging had to be cut away, and everything on deck was heaved overboard. The men lay below under hatches, and worked like Turks at righting what little cargo there was aboard. It was plain now that if anything went wrong with the wheel or any part of the steering gear the Island Queen would be lost, swamped in mid-ocean by those terrible seas that fell in tons upon her deck.

It was during the fifth or sixth run that the Queen made before the wind that Mason came to Haskell and begged him to go below and let him take his place at the wheel. "And send Ruhl on deck to take Tom's place. You two will give out directly an' let the wheel git away from you; an' then it would be hell to pay."

The words were scarcely out of Mason's mouth when there was suddenly a new sound springing up from all round.

"Reefs!" yelled Judd, "lie low and swing fast to anything you can!"

The two men had no time to obey. There was a tremendous shock and Haskell was thrown forward upon his face in a mass of cordage and drift, conscious that a mighty sea was washing over him. There was a confused noise in his ears. He became blind and sick. He believed he was dying. And all the while he was still sensible of a grinding, rending, crashing sound as if the schooner was going to pieces beneath. He could not hear a sound from any of the other men, and did not know whether they were living or dead.

Dawn was just breaking when Haskell recovered full consciousness, raised his head, and on the second dizzy attempt sat up with a groan and looked around. The schooner was still bucking and pounding, and her decks were still awash. She was lying with her stern low in the plunging waves and her bow thrust high up out of the water. And on her steep bow clinging to it with difficulty were Mason and the crew, all fitted with life preservers and apparently trying to launch a lifeboat. Haskell discovered that he himself had been tied about the waist to the steep decking to keep him from slipping back into the water. As it was the waves rolled to his shoulders, and the spray constantly beat him in the face. He groaned and Tom and Ruhl hurriedly worked across to his side and, untying him, dragged him toward the lifeboat.

"We're on a rocky shoal," cried Tom, "an' the Queen's goin' to pieces. Mason an' them's tryin' to git a few provisions into the lifeboat, fer it's goin' to be slow starvation fer us the best way you can fix it."

"Everybody alive?" asked Haskell faintly.

"Nosey was killed when she struck," replied Tom. "That's one less to divide up with; but I wish it had been that dam Holloway."

"All ha-ands aboard lifeboat!" sang out Judd Mason.

They had gotten everything aboard that they dared wait for, and the Island Queen was plainly parting amidship and would go completely to pieces in another five minutes.

The lifeboat skimmed like a bird over the thundering foamy reef and was soon in comparatively still waters beyond and bearing rapidly down on a little half-barren, low-lying island beyond.

"Starvation," muttered Judd, "I wish we had staid and got a little more to eat off that bucking devil there."

While he spoke a heavier sea than usual struck the Island Queen, and Holloway sent up a louder wail than usual at seeing that his little craft was no more. The only sign there was left of her previous existence was a mass of wreckage that washed over the reef and into the stiller waters of the atoll.

"Well, we may rescue a little something when this storm 'bates a little," commented Mason.

All there was on board the lifeboat in the way of eatables and drinkables was two casks of water and a bag and a half of ship biscuit. But they had had better success in rescuing their arms and ammunition, having secured about half of what they had aboard the Island Queen.

In another hour they had crossed the atoll and landed safe on the half-drowned island beyond.

"Boys, we must waste no time but put back and pick up what wreckage we can," was Mason's first word as soon as their shabby cargo was put ashore. But the storm grew in fury momentarily; the rain fell in such torrents as to threaten to swamp their boat; and the wind came across that atoll so fiercely that there was no rowing out against it. They might rescue what drift came across to them, but there was no such thing as going out after it.

And soon the wind increased to such fury that it was impossible to stand up against it. The waves washed higher and higher on the little barren island, and they were forced to move their supplies and drag the lifeboat up farther and farther. They were all drenched to the skin, and not one of them but had suffered a number of cuts and bruises. Haskell was so sick from his hurts that he could not sit up, much less stand, and the Irishman, Spinks, was not much better. Amid all their trouble Holloway kept wailing over the loss of his schooner until Judd Mason threatened to brain him if he didn't hush.

"Faith," said Spinks, "an' if ye had siventeen broken ribs, ye'd have somethin' to holler about, ye spalpeen!"

Ruhl, the Africander, was something of a surgeon, but there was nothing he could do in a gale of wind and rain like that but to turn the lifeboat over his patients and wait for the storm to abate. And thus the wretched crew passed four of the most miserable hours of their lives. And then the wind fell off, the sun came out in all its tropical brightness, and Mason, Tom and Holloway put out into the atoll after such articles as they could pick up, while Ruhl got busy looking after Spinks and Haskell.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MONEY AT LAST.

IN SPITE of Mason's and Ruhl's predictions there seemed little danger that the crew of the Island Queen would perish of hunger and thirst on the island at least for some time to come. It rains very often in those latitudes, so there was little danger of their being in want of water; and as for food, the atoll was full of edible fish of many kinds. But there seemed little prospect of their leaving the island. It was off all lines of travel, not near to any inhabited land and was itself little more than a high place in a long reef that was so dangerous that all ships avoided approaching it. As unpleasant as a diet of fish and rain water was, the prospect of remaining several years on this rock was infinitely more unpleasant.

Forty-eight hours after their arrival there Judd Mason gave Haskell a surprise indeed. Judd had been all round to reconnoiter not only their own island, but two or three more that poked their heads above the water to the northward; and when he returned to his Captain something about his face showed that he was as excited as it was possible for one of his cool disposition to be. He called Haskell and Tom off to one side before saying anything, and they knew that something momentous was coming.

"I've found Philip Ireton," he announced, and then fell silent as if he were waiting for that to soak in.

"Found Philip Ireton?" gasped Haskell. "Where? Not here on this desolate reef?"

"Yes, here on this very reef."

"What, not alive?" This time it was Tom that questioned.

"No, not alive enough so you could tell it. His little craft got into the same mess ours did. Some of the wreckage of her is lyin' on the third island north of here."

"And so they got ashore and perished there?" asked Haskell in dismay. "Well, I guess that's what will happen to us."

"Maybe not," replied Mason. "But I haven't told ye all I know yet. I've found the money too, about the same amount, judgin' by the looks, as that that he put overside off Cape Town."

"That's seven hundred thousand dollars," cried Haskell. "Boys, we've simply got to get off this island. Keep a smoke going every day; and if it don't attract anybody else, it may call up some Malay pirates or the sampan of a robbing Chinese gang. We'll shoot the devil out of them and take their craft and sail away!" Harry was very much excited. Here at last was the money that was to save his father's honor. He had agreed with Mason and Billy Sangree that, should the money be recovered, about three thousand dollars was to go to each man on board, and that a double share to the owner of the craft and to Judd Mason would be about right; and every one had agreed to this arrangement. Now, however, Harry felt greatly indebted to the whole crew, and besides he was anxious to keep down anything that should look like mutiny while they were marooned here, knowing as he did the danger of mutinies breaking out at such times. So he told Judd and Tom that he wanted their advice.

"I have decided to give each man five thousand dollars, and to give you two a double share, ten thousand dollars, and to give Holloway only one share of five thousand, with the understanding that the Haskell Company will settle with him for his boat later. What do you all think of that arrangement?"

"Treat us all exactly alike," advised Judd, "at least while we're here on the island. Then if you think Tom an' I have been good friends o' your'n you can give us somethin' extra later. We know you're a gentleman an' that you'll do the right thing. But if you don't seem to be treatin' us all alike while we're here they's likely to be a three-agin-three fight; an' them's the most deadly fights I know of. Spinks and Ruhl are both good fellers, but they're both more or less susp.cious; an' as fer that scoundrel Holloway, he's the sort that would knife ye in your sleep."

"What do you think, Tom?" asked Haskell next. "You haven't spoken; do you agree with Judd?"

"Yep, I reckon he's right. I never did expect more than one share anyway, so if you promise me something later, w'y o' course I'll be satisfied. I think like Judd that they's liable to be hard feelin's if you make any difference."

"All right," answered Harry. "When I get the company on its feet I promise to fit out a schooner and make Judd here, captain, and you first mate, while we three will share the profits amongst us. You know I told you two and poor old Lanky in Natal that if you'd befriend a dog when he was hungry he'd stick to you when he was fat. But of course you two mustn't say anything about what I've promised you."

"No danger," chorused Tom and Mason.

"Now call all the boys in and we'll make the announcement to them—but wait, don't you reckon I'd better pay only half down and agree to pay the other half when we sail from the island? If I pay it all down now some man will gamble all his away before we get off this infernal rock and then he'll get discontented and start a roughhouse."

"Another thing," put in Tom, "how about letting all of 'em know where the swag's hid?"

"My notion is to let 'em all know where it is; but let 'em know that Mason and I are guarding it. You can also be helping guard it, but just don't say anything about it."

"That's my notion," said Mason. "An' about payin' 'em half down an' the other half when we sail, I think that's a good plan, too. Now if you're ready we'll call 'em in. But listen, Captain Haskell, you'd better not let 'em see the swag spread out afore their eyes. I know what that means to sailors. An' you'd better make 'em think that most of it is gov'ment bonds an' sich like that's not of any valie to anybody but you."

"That's good advice, Mason," replied Harry. "And that's just about a fact. A great deal of that swag is in the form of bonds and the like."

The men, Holloway, Ruhl and Spinks, were called into the council, and Haskell put them under oath to agree to fight for him to the last if a chance to capture a craft of any kind appeared, and also to agree to anything he did, provided it was as good as he had promised, before he would tell them anything. When he did tell them of the recovered money their delight knew no bounds. He did not state how much had been found, but stated that it was only a small fraction of what Ireton had stolen from the Haskell and Wentworth companies, and then he agreed to treat all exactly alike and give them each five thousand dollars in gold, stating that practically all the rest of the money was in the form of bonds and so forth, which only he or the company he represented could make use of.

"And furthermore," said Harry, "I am going to pay you only one-half down now, and the other half on the day we set sail from this island. I do that for your own protection. If I gave it all to you now we might all get to gambling, which is most likely, being here on the island with nothing else to do; and then some man would lose every cent of his and go away busted. Another thing. This isn't the regular burying place of the Ireton treasure. Ireton and two other fellows were wrecked here just like we were, according to what Judd here tells me—he found three bodies—and when we go after the big prize, the one the Nest Egg's after, then, if we find it, I'll give you fellows twenty thousand dollars apiece, and more, too, if you stick to me like good fellows all the way through. Do you accept my offer?"

"I do," said Tom.

"I do," said Spinks.

"I do," said Mason, "with the understanding that if they's a reward paid for the carcass o' Philip Ireton Tom an' me gits the five hundred punds you agreed to give us in Natal, for you know you agreed to that afore you met these other gentlemen, and your just remember that I'm the man wot found the carcass an' the money."

"Of course I shall pay you two what I agreed to in Natal, that is for finding Ireton, and has nothing to do with this treasure hunt."

"All right then, I agree," repeated Mason.

"I agree," said Ruhl.

Holloway hesitated.

"How about you, Holloway?" asked Harry.

"What about pay for my smashed-up schooner?" asked Holloway.

"You may present a bill for the full amount of the damages to the new Haskell Company, and I give you my personal guarantee that they will pay it. That again has nothing to do with this find. We are now simply dividing share and share about the amount of money that I think is due to you all for helping me recover what Ireton stole from my company.

"But I was to have two shares," whined Holloway.

"And what was each share to be?" snapped Haskell.

"Three thousand dollars yo. said when we left Singapore, but you didn't tell us then how many hardships we were going through."

"All right, Holloway, do you want to live by our old contract, which said nothing about damages for your ship, and which will net you six thousand now? Or do you want to be reasonable and take five thousand dollars like the rest, with a chance to get full damages for your craft later? Speak up now; it has to be one or the other.

"All right," whined Holloway. "I'll take the five thousand, but I don't see why you can't pay me for my schooner now."

"Listen to me, Holloway," spoke Haskell cooley. "You've had a grouch ever since we passed the Paternosters. Now you may line up and do as the rest do and quit your beefing or I'll find a tree on this island tall enough to hang you on, and I'll certainly hang you up."

"That's just what he deserves!" shouted Spinks and Tom and Tom added, "Captain Haskell, if you want an end put to him I'll finish him right here. You've stood by me, an' stood by all us others ever since we left Natal, an' we'll all stand by you; and if that coward don't quit beefin' w'y we'll just be one man short-handed, that's all."

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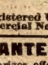

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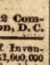

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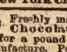

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and Holloway saw that his wisest course was to subside.

The whole crew, with the exception of the disgruntled Holloway, were as merry as a lot of schoolboys when they set out in the lifeboat to bring home the treasure. Mason had reconnoitered the island at low tide, wading or swimming the narrow straits between them, but now it was high tide and those straits could only be crossed in the lifeboat. Harry Haskell almost choked with conflicting emotions as he viewed the spot where Philip Ireton and his myrmidons had been washed ashore. There was little there, save the three corpses, badly eaten by land crabs, and the chest of money and bonds. Judd Mason and Haskell recognized Ireton by three heavy gold crowns on the upper row of front teeth. Moreover, Ruhl picked up a cuff button close by with the monogram, P. I., carved upon it. One of the other two bodies looked like that of a Sicilian and the other looked like a Malay, though it was impossible to tell much about them. Haskell could not contain his excitement, but stepped over to the corpse of Ireton and apostrophized it as follows:

"You robbed my father and my sweetheart's father, and you drove one of them to his grave in disgrace, and are shortening the declining years of the other. But here you are, a bait for land crabs; and I hope your soul is being tormented!"

"Have respect for the dead—have respect for the dead!" admonished the hypocritical Holloway; and Haskell suddenly turned on him and with a cudgel he had been walking with, gave him a blow on the side of the head that left him writhing on the sand.

The three bodies were hastily buried, and, with the money loaded into the lifeboat, the company put back toward their own island. Spinks had made a discovery about one of the bodies that Haskell regarded as significant. He had found a tiny gold chain wrapped about the neck of the corpse that looked like a Sicilian, and on it was a little crucifix. Nothing remarkable about that, but on the back of the crucifix was carved in English, "From Beatrice." Could it be possible, then, that the villain was Beatrice Spinoza's father? Of course Beatrice was a common enough name among Sicilians; but Beatrice Spinoza had said that her father was cruising these very waters and that he was an outlaw. Here at least was a clew worth following, if out of mere curiosity.

Holloway, who was slow in recovering his senses after the blow he received, was left upon the island with the dead men, Haskell and Mason considering that it would have a wholesome effect on him to leave him alone for awhile with the dead, whom he so much respected. As for all the others, they held a jollification that night over fried fish and water-soaked ship biscuit, the last of their stock, washed down by stale puddle water from a hole on the island. After supper, Haskell counted out the gold to all save Holloway, who could not come off the other island because of the high tide. Ruhl and Spinks at once fell to gambling with a pair of dice they had, while Tom looked on with ever-increasing interest.

"If somethin' don't happen in a week or so," said Judd, "this island will be too hot to hold us. I see trouble a-brewin' right now."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

His Wages.

Mr. X——, a lawyer, was much addicted to the habit of lecturing his clerks, the office boy coming in for an unusual share of admonition whenever occasion called for it, and sometimes when it did not. That his words were appreciated was made quite evident to Mr. X—— one day when a conversation between his and another office boy on the same floor was repeated to him.

"Whatcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"I get $10,000 a year," said Mr. X——'s lad.

"I don't think!" ejaculated the other boy, derisively.

"Honest, I do," said Tommy; "$5 a week in cash, and the rest in legal advice!"

* * *

His Fear.

A tourist in Scotland came to a wide ferry. It was stormy and the wind was constantly increasing. The Scotch ferryman agreed to take the tourist across, but told him to wait until he had first taken a cow across.

When he had returned and started across with the traveler, the latter became curious.

"Will you tell me why you took the cow over and made me wait?" he asked.

"Weel, now," explained the ferryman, "you see, the coo wur valuable, and I feared th' wind wud increase so th' boat might upset on th' second trip."

The Electric Flame.

(Continued from page four.)

as you can burn out a snow bank with a red hot poker."

"A valuable thing for a cracksman, I should say."

"Valuable?" cried Mike. "Why, it's priceless. It's the biggest thing in the world. With the electric flame I could rob the First National bank. I have my plans all made. I can eat my way into any burglar-proof vault ever built by the hand of man. With that flame I could make a hole in the Bank of England vaults big enough to walk through. I could strip the armor from the side of a dreadnought. No steel composition, sir, however highly tempered, can resist it."

"And who knows this secret, Mike?" asked the Weasel.

"Why, this fellow here," said Mike, turning reproachful eyes to the chained man. "This English bulldog knows it, and he won't give it up. I've had him here for three months, and I can't tear that secret out of his stubborn British heart. I suppose I'll have to keep him here till he rots. I daren't let him go, even if I wanted to, and Kate won't stand for me killing him. That woman's got a heart like a schoolgirl."

"Kate always was pretty soft," said the Weasel.

"I wouldn't have her otherwise," declared Mike. "When a woman gets hard she's no good. You can't depend on her. Kate's got a conscience, I tell you. How is it, Tommy Atkins?" asked Mike, turning to his prisoner. "Are you tired of your vacation? You know, whenever you say the word you can get out. Ain't you got a sweetheart, or a mother, or sister worrying about you?"

"Don't talk to me," said the prisoner, gruffly. "You make me weary."

"There, you see how stubborn he is," said Mike sadly. "He'd rather stay here and rot than do a fellow a little service."

"Did he invent this contraption you're after?"

"No," said Mike. "It's nothing to him. He's in the experimental department of the Western Electric, and he learned it in the course of his work. There are several other fellows who know the trick. But they won't tell it. You can't buy it nor choke it out of them. They make me tired, they do. Here's this guy, working for $150 a month. That's how much the company cares for him. And him with a secret worth millions to an honest, hard-working safeblower. I give him up. But what to do with him I don't know. Kate simply won't let me knife him."

"You take a little trip somewhere and I'll put some arsenic in his feed. Then he'll die with the stomachache, and Kate'll never suspect you," suggested the Weasel.

"That's a darned good idea, said Mike. "We'll do that. Now let's go upstairs and get a cigar. I want a smoke."

Mike sighed and switched off the light, then the two men climbed back up the stairs and closed the trap door, leaving the prisoner in total darkness.

And the prisoner was Thomas Carew, who had mysteriously disappeared!

"Red Mike" has enticed the young electrician into his store on some reasonable excuse, then a burly negro had thrown a cloth over the head of Thomas and they had carried him downstairs to the cellar, where semi-starvation, torture and the endless night of the black dungeon had not been able to break his honest English spirit.

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Still Climbing.

"Have you ever heard Jimkins relate about the time he got halfway up Mont Blanc with one of his little nephews and no guide?" asked one man of another.

"How long ago did he tell you about it?" was the evasive reply.

"Last March, when he'd just got home," said the first man.

"Well," said the other, "in eight months since then he has climbed the rest of the way, succored a fainting guide, and survived a snowstorm on the summit, resuscitated two benumbed strangers on the way down, and guided the entire party to the foot, where a group of frantic relatives was waiting."

* * *

Hot and Heavy.

Mr. Kellogg was always teasing his wife; it was strange that she did not oftener suspect the pitfalls he prepared for her. This time he came home to dinner and said, gravely: "Young White's wife gave it to him hot and heavy this morning."

The Whites had been married but a few months and Mrs. Kellogg promptly scented a scandal.

"Fighting already? How dreadful!" she continued. "Tell me about it."

"Oh, she just gave him one of the biscuits she made for breakfast," replied her husband.

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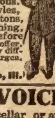

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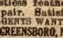

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The Stool Pigeon

Or, Fox Slavin, Detective

By Julian F. Darrow

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Begun in No. 47, November 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

OLD FOX SLAVIN had hardly anticipated such a staggering reply to his question. He might have fancied that Billie had robbed his employer, who was threatening him with arrest and prosecution unless he could make restitution by a certain time. Yes, he could even imagine several other causes for Billie's perturbed state of mind; but thus far such a serious thing as murder had certainly not occurred to the detective. At the same time he allowed nothing to upset his mental poise.

"That is bad news, and I am sorry to hear it. Would you mind telling me the story, Billie."

"Oh! I hate to talk about it, sir."

"But you can see that you must. How else am I to advise you, unless I know the particulars. To begin with, who is it you believe you have killed?"

"Do you know Henry Pillsbury?" shuddering.

"I do not think I ever heard the name. Who is he?"

"Then there has been nothing in the papers about his dying, as yet?" eagerly.

"I am confident that nothing has been printed; and I make it a practice to read critically every scrap of criminal news there is."

Allen Slavin did not explain just why he should have such a strange fancy for accounts of violence and arrests. Nor was Billie in a frame of mind to think it odd that the elderly gentleman should have such a weakness. He might be a criminal lawyer whom Janet, bless her dear heart! had employed to advise him.

"He is another fellow who makes his living the same way I have done lately, much to my regret. We have often been thrown together, though I never liked Henry, and we seemed to quarrel frequently."

"Yes, I understand," said the other, making a mental note or two for future use.

"Night before last a party of us were in Bickerhoff's place. You know it, perhaps, sir?"

Yes, the detective did, since it was a place where a certain class of society men went to box and fence and loiter.

"Most of the fellows had gone away. I believe there were only Henry, Annesley, and myself there, besides Bickerhoff, when it happened!"

"You had another dispute with Pillsbury, then?"

"A bitter one. He made a remark that I resented hotly, for unfortunately I have been given a quick temper, which at times I am unable to govern."

"Yes, I know. I understand what followed. What was it Pillsbury said?"

"I do not recall the words exactly. He was talking in a slighting way of society girls, and mentioned several with that disagreeable laugh of his."

"Among them Janet's name?"

"Yes, and intentionally, too, for I saw him sneer and give me a quick look."

"That would seem to indicate there was reason back of his act. Of course, you demanded an apology on the spot?"

"And he refused, even laughing in my face."

"Then you struck him?"

"We were at it like cats and dogs instantly. All the pent-up bad blood between us seemed to rush to our heads."

"Did the others try to separate you?"

"I believe so; at any rate, Annesley told me afterward that they did their level best. I do not know. All I could see was that grinning face before me, and hear his insulting remark."

"Was Pillsbury a fighter?"

"He had a reputation as such. In fact, under ordinary circumstances, no doubt, he could have bested me; but I was crazy just then, and went at him hammer and tongs. I have tried to remember just what happened; but when I do a mist seems to come before my eyes."

"Finally——"

"I seemed to awaken from a trance, to see Pillsbury lying there, his head all covered with blood. It was on my hands, too!"

"Do you know how it happened?"

He shook his head in the negative.

"I was told afterward that in the midst of the fight, when Pillsbury seemed to be getting the better of me, I snatched up a billiard cue, and struck him a frightful blow with the heavy end."

"But you do not remember doing so, do you?"

"I have racked my brain, but it seems all a blank. The very thought of having done such a murderous thing as strike an unarmed man in that way makes me shudder. I must have been crazy, that's what!"

"Who told you this?"

"Why, my friend Annesley. He's been awful good, and has come in to see me three times this very day, to tell me just how Pillsbury was getting on."

"He certainly must be a friend, then; and some time I shall hope to meet him," said the detective, dryly.

"Perhaps you may very soon, for he said he would come around here again at seven-thirty, and it is getting near that time now. I was only waiting for his report, to make up my mind."

"His report—of what?"

"Poor Pillsbury's condition. The last time he was in, at three, he tried to keep from telling me, but I just insisted on it."

"And since he found it impossible to hold his secret, the fact you learned was not altogether to your liking, was it?"

"I should say not. The poor fellow was sinking even then. Annesley said he might go at any minute. Now you know what I have been suffering, sir?"

"I certainly do. But nevertheless I would tell you to cheer up, and trust to me to straighten all these things out for you. It may not be so serious, after all."

"But Pillsbury is sure to die!"

"Why are you so positive about that?"

"Annesley admitted that there was only one chance in a hundred for him to live through it. He says I must have struck him a terrible blow, Heaven forgive me!"

"Well, we will accept that one chance in a hundred, then. Brace up, Billie! I give you my word that there may be something about this matter, which, when known, will put another face on it."

Billie seemed to suck in a little encouragement from these cheering words. He even held out his hand to his visitor.

"Oh! thank you for saying that, sir, although for the life of me I can't understand what you mean. But if Janet sent you, and she has full confidence in you, by Jove! I'm going to do whatever you say."

"Good for you, Billie! I like that kind of talk, and it's going to help you amazingly. Will you solemnly promise to carry out any suggestions I make?"

"I will, sir."

"Then listen. I want to tell you right now that it would help me find a clew in all this black business if I could overhear your interview with this very good friend of yours, Annesley."

"That would not be hard to do, sir, if you didn't mind being cramped in that closet yonder a short time."

"Nothing could suit me better, Billie. And as he may drop in on us at any moment now, since it is almost the time he set, perhaps I had better take up my quarters there immediately."

He stepped over and surveyed the interior of the closet mentioned. It might be a close fit, but Old Fox Slavin had found himself in tight quarters many times during the course of his eventful career, and thought nothing of it.

"First, before I retire from view, let me caution you not to show the least sign of a reaction Billie."

"I understand you, sir, and think I can carry out my part. Indeed, the change in my feeling has not been so overwhelming that I am out of the gloom. I will try and act just as I did when you found me."

"And place this thing on the table again, as it was. Nothing would tempt you to use it now, Billie?" as he handed the revolver over.

"Nothing, sir. I was mad ever to dream of such a cowardly way of escaping the penalty of my crime."

He placed the weapon just as it had been, in full view of any one who might enter.

"Now, resume your pacing up and down like a tiger in its cage. Groan once in a while, too, Billie. You know that adds to the realism of the thing. And while about it you might wring your hands, as if you were in a blue funk."

"All right, sir," said the other, though he turned a little red under the words, for they seemed to give him a jolt.

The detective entered the closet, and almost closed the door. He managed to leave this open just far enough to allow of his seeing through the crack. The center of the room, with table, came under his observation. Then he waited patiently.

Billie walked up and down. He followed the directions given him to the letter, and his frequent groans were really heart-rending.

Presently the keen ears of the detective caught a footfall out in the corridor, following the upward swoop of the elevator cage. Perhaps the visitor might be listening to Billie's sighs and groans, but presently there came a knock.

CHAPTER VI.

BILLIE had seen fit to turn the key in the door.

"Who is it?" he called out, in tones that really quavered with pent-up emotion.

"Annesley. Open up, Billie," came in a muffled voice from the outside.

Peeping from his place of concealment Old Slavin saw a young man enter the room. He was not much different from the average of his class evidently a reckless son of some respectable family, engaged industriously at present in sowing a fine crop of wild oats. His face told that he could not have the same abstemious habits as the stool pigeon, for it was flushed from frequent imbibing. Just then it was serious and mysterious, as though Brutus Annesley might be the bearer of bad news.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than Billie clutched his visitor by the sleeve. He was playing his part, all right, Slavin was fain to confess.

"What was it, old fellow? Don't look so owlish, but tell me the worst. Anything is better than this awful suspense. Tell me, won't you?"

Annesley immediately put his hand over the other's mouth.

"Don't talk so loud, hang it, Billie! I've risked a whole lot to come here tonight, I tell you; and I swear I wouldn't take the chances for another chap but you," he said, in a hoarse whisper, calculated to fire the other's blood anew.

"Then—he—is dead?"

Annesley nodded his head. He looked dreadfully solemn, though the watcher fancied he could see the flicker of a sinister smile pass over those set features.

Billie showed signs of a collapse at this, and his good friend immediately threw out an arm to sustain him.

"Hold on, none of that, old chap. This is the time you've got to show yourself brave. I warned you it was likely to turn out that way," he said.

"Then they'll be after me to take me to jail! Perhaps even now a detective may be coming here!"

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Billie looked wildly about him, and even let his startled gaze rest on the table.

"What's this mean?" demanded Annesley, falling upon the revolver and holding it tight. "Didn't I warn you never, never to think of ending the thing that way, you fool?"

"But if they come to arrest me?"

"I tell you the facts will not be known until some time tomorrow. The doctor has promised to hold back his report till then, and you will have slipped away, and be far off before then."

"But I'm dead broke. How can I travel on land or sea without money?" demanded Billie, which, according to the listener, was the smartest thing he could have said just then.

Annesley nodded his head and touched his chest.

"I thought of all that, my boy, and I made a grandstand play for a touch from a friend who happened along. There, what do you think of that?"

He slapped a bunch of bills down on the table.

"A fat thousand there, Billie, enough to keep you abroad for a long time, if judiciously expended. You need never come back again; but take up some business of this kind over at Monte Carlo, or in gay Paree."

"How clever, how good of you, Brutus!"

"Oh! that's all right. We've been pals, and I always stick to my chums in trouble. Some day, perhaps, you can repay the loan. It really doesn't matter."

"But how can I get away without being caught?"

"I've brought a little bag with me. In it you will find the material for a disguise. No one would know you, especially when you wear this wonderful wig."

"But how shall I get away? What steamer can I take?"

"You are to play the part of a young chap going abroad for his health. Stick to your cabin much of the time, and cough every little while. At three tonight a steamer leaves this pier for the Mediterranean. I have engaged and paid for your passage. Your name is to be John Sterling Wise. Now, what do you think?"

"That you are the best friend a poor wretch ever had, and I don't know how I shall ever repay you."

"No need of thinking about it. Perhaps some day I may be in the same sort of a scrape, and let us hope a bully good fellow may turn up to help me. Now, I oughtn't to stay here any longer, Billie."

"I suppose the sooner I get aboard the better?"

"Sure, and go immediately to your stateroom and to bed. When you get up late in the morning you may be out of sight of Sandy Hook let us hope, and all danger of the electric chair will have passed."

That was a cruel stab, whether intentional or accidental. Of course Billie shuddered again, and possibly without having to assume alarm.

"I understand, Annesley. How can I thank you for standing by me so royally? I'll write you when I'm settled; and if luck comes my way there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you."

He was wringing the other's hand as he spoke; and the watcher was quite proud of Billie's acting, for he certainly appeared to be sincere.

"Good-by, then, old man. Take good care of yourself."

Then Annesley went out. His face was hidden at the time, so that the man who looked through the crack of the closet door could not say whether any expression upon it betrayed the fact that he could be playing a double part or not.

He heard the other walk along the corridor. Since he headed for the place where the elevator shaft could be found, it was apparently his intention to go down. Old Slavin came out of the closet.

Billie was watching for him, his face stamped with eager expectation.

"Listen! I want to follow him around a short time. Meanwhile do you carry out his plan to the letter," the detective said to the other.

"What! must I go away from here?"

"Yes, disguise yourself and start out, with a bag and an overcoat in your hand, and apparently bound for the pier where the steamer lies, ready to sail at three tonight, to catch the tide over the bar."

"Am I to go aboard?"

"Even that."

"And sail on her?"

"Well, no, we will draw the line there. At about two, or earlier if you choose, come ashore again, and return here. Then remain close until you see me."

"But if poor Pillsbury is really dead——"

"We have only one man's word for it, and that is a matter I expect to investigate presently. Depend upon me to stand by you—for Janet's sake. There, the elevator is coming up, and I must catch it."

He gripped Billie by the hand, gave his digits a hearty squeeze, and slipped softly out of the door. After all, he reached the elevator not a second too soon, for the door was in the act of closing when he called out:

"Down!"

Annesley merely glanced at him casually as he entered the cage. So long as it was not Billie following him, he evidently did not care who his fellow passenger might be.

Allen Slavin did not seem to pay any particular attention to the other. At the same time he was watching him out of the tail of his eyes.

The cage was lighted by electricity, and this gave him an opportunity to observe the various moods that passed over Annesley's telltale face. Now he looked serious, anon thoughtful, and presently a grim ghost of a smile flitted in the wake of the other emotions. Annesley was mentally shaking hands with himself, as though he believed he had done a good thing.

From the little way in which he looked upward one might assume that his friend Billie must be connected with the matter that gave him such eminent satisfaction. But then, it must indeed be pleasant to realize that one has stood so loyally by a comrade in time of stress, and afforded him a chance to escape a terrible fate! Yes, it was not surprising that Annesley, good fellow that he had proved himself, should smile, and appear satisfied. But the old sleuth chose to look at these things from quite another angle.

Once on the ground floor the two men left the cage. The detective held back, allowing Annesley to pass out first. He had an object in this, of course, which was mainly to discover what the other meant to do.

Would Annesley go off the haunts where he was in the habit of steering aspiring players into the tiger's lair, and set to work? Allen Slavin doubted this very much; in fact, he was almost positive that, instead, the other would hang around the Tavestock, in order to make positive that Billie meant to keep his word and head for the steamer. And if this came about it would increase a certain suspicion the detective was harboring, by leaps and bounds.

So, watching his chance, Old Slavin faded away down the street, only to come back by another route. And as he suspected he found Annesley on guard!

CHAPTER VII.

APPARENTLY the devoted Annesley was quite determined to satisfy himself that Billie carried out those directions to the letter. He was ensconced in a spot where he could keep the exit of the Tavestock under surveillance. At the same time he was himself able to avoid being seen, being in the shadow.

At least the detective felt that he must give this fellow credit for more or less shrewdness. Whether he was going to all this trouble simply because of the comradeship he affected toward Billie, or from some other motive, remained to be seen.

Having himself selected a hiding-place that suited his purpose, Slavin commenced to watch the watcher. It was really a case of a Tartar catching a Tartar; or of playing one end against the other.

Half an hour passed. Then came Billie. Evidently Annesley knew him, despite his disguise. Perhaps he was familiar with the walk of the other; or else that wig had been impressed on his memory so that he could not mistake it.

Billie must have managed to slip out when the clerk had his attention distracted, and in this manner avoided being questioned. He seemed anxious to get away, and worried in the bargain, starting whenever any one happened to brush up against him, and looking alarmed. Down the street he went, with Annesley sauntering in his wake; while far in the rear came the detective.

There was a stand for cabs not far away. Apparently Billie knew this fact, and had already made up his mind that he must get to the pier without boarding a public conveyance. He bargained with a jehu, and about that time two other persons began to get busy in as many different quarters.

Whe Billie drove off a cab followed close behind, while a taxi, in which the old detective sat, kept both vehicles in view. So they finally reached the dock where the steamer bound for the Mediterranean was booked to sail at three in the morning.

There was a scene of bustle and activity. Numerous vehicles were drawing up from time to time, depositing passengers, who wished to go aboard and get some sleep ere setting forth on the ocean voyage. Billie was, so far as it appeared to the others, quite unnoticed in the hurrying crowd. He passed up the gangway, and then must have gone to his stateroom, for he did not appear again.

Old Slavin kept in the background all this while. It was not according to his plans that Annesley should catch sight of him. The other might be a suspicious person, and realize that it was rather odd the old gent who had come down from the seventh floor of the Tavestock with him, should happen to bob up serenely here at the dock of the steamer that was to bear Billie away!

Annesley hovered around the place for a short time. Finally he must have made up his mind that the intended fugitive from justice did not mean to show himself again, and that it would be safe to leave.

Doubtless it must have been a load off the shoulders of this very devoted friend. Allen Slavin could see that he looked relieved, even joyful, as he sought his cab anddrove away.

Of course, his own taxi was at hand, ready once more to follow far in the wake of the other vehicle. So he found himself again in the glare of the Great White Way.

Annesley had dismissed his cab, since he no longer had need of its services. He made sure that his investment of that thousand had paid.

It was now nearly ten. Would Annesley return to his usual work of mingling with the crowds, greeting acquaintances, and perhaps steering them to where they could find a game?

On the other hand, would he aim to bring up at some rendezvous, where he might expect to render a report of his work? For the old detective was fully convinced that the thousand dollars handed over to Billie had been given to Annesley for that distinct purpose. Some one wanted Billie to get out of the country and to stay away!

But it soon became apparent that Annesley had no intention of resuming his customary vocation, for that night at least. The sleuth saw him slyly counting a roll of bills.

Of course, Annesley was a philanthropist, if what he claimed to be the truth were so; but this only went to prove that even going around doing good sometimes pays. He was yawning, too, as though weary of well doing. Finally he seemed to arrive at a conclusion, for he boarded a car, and went uptown. Of course, Slavin was on the same car; only the man he was "piping" would never have suspected that the sober-looking middle-aged party sitting in a corner and deeply immersed in a German paper, with a pair of goggles bridging his nose, could be the identical old man who had descended that elevator in the Tavestock with him earlier in the evening. Yet it was so, thanks to the amazing cleverness with which the prince of detectives could alter his appearance, given half a chance.

So he followed Annesley to a house on Eighty-fifth street. Of course, after he had seen the man safely housed, Old Slavin did not care to linger around. There might be a chance that Annesley would come out again latter on, but it was one in ten, and there were times when he had to take risks like this. For Slavin wanted to do several other things before the night grew too old.

There are more ways than one of running a conspiracy to earth. When one trail grows temporarily cold it is always possible to pick up another. And that was what the detective meant to do.

Again he altered his appearance, and now seemed to be somewhat of a hail-fellow-well-met sort of a man, with a swagger that would become an actor. It was a part that Old Fox Slavin often played, and which he was fitted to carry out to the queen's taste.

A cab put him down at the door of Adam Bickerhoff's clubhouse. This was on a side street off Broadway, and just in line for patronage from the class of would-be sports, who, night after night, haunt the region of theaters, lobster palaces, chorus girls, and big play.

Of course, the detective was well ac-

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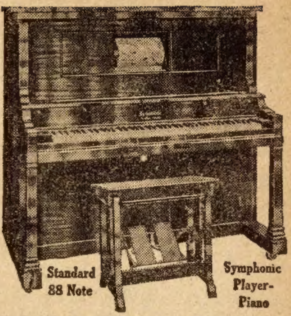

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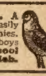

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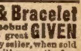

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quainted in here. Bickerhoff himself was known to him, though the detective had never taken much stock in the man, and would not have believed him under oath. He hoped to pick up a few points here, however, concerning the little matter that had happened two nights before.

As usual, there were quite a number of patrons present, amusing themselves. In one corner the master of ceremonies, stout Bickerhoff himself—who used to be a pugilist of some note until he received his knockout with a broken arm that refused to knit properly—was coaching a couple of young bloods who had donned the gloves, and were pounding each other at a great rate.

Three furious bouts with fencing swords were going on at the same time, under the eye of a French expert. Several little groups of interested spectators cheered the participants on.

All this was amusing to the detective, but he had not come here to be entertained. He mingled with the crowd, and gradually managed to get close to the stout proprietor. When the other turned, during a breathing spell in the fistic encounter, some one whispered to him:

"How is Pillsbury getting on?"

Herr Brinkerhoff glared at the speaker, who seemed to be an utter stranger to him.

"I know nothing," he said shortly, and would have returned to his sport, only a hand detained him.

"There is a rumor that he is dead. Can you tell me anything about that?" continued the other, positively.

The sparring master grumbled a heavy German oath.

"I tell you I knows not what you are speaking of. You must ask somewhere else," and with that he broke away.

But Slavin was not at all daunted. When one means failed he could find another.

He chanced to know that Brinkerhoff kept a list of all the members of the sporting club and their places of residence; so that if he could only see that, the chances were he would find the very information he sought.

Over behind a desk sat a little wizened bit of a man, in whose charge the books of the institution were kept; and it was with a definite plan in his mind that the detective approached this worthy. Entering into conversation he expressed a desire to glance over the list of members, as he was thinking of joining the club.

He had just caught the name of Henry Pillsbury, when his arm was suddenly gripped savagely, and turning he looked into the angry face of the ex-prize-fighter!

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT do you want here?"

Brinkerhoff uttered these words with considerable ugliness. He seemed to have conceived the idea that this unknown party's presence meant trouble for him. Just what the nature of this unpleasantness might be, he could not, of course, guess. Perhaps it was a guilty conscience that aroused his fears. Old Slavin raised his eyebrows, as though surprised at being so rudely treated. He made a gesture in the direction of the book containing the names and addresses of those who belonged to the club. This gave him the opportunity he wanted, to glance once more at the entry where the name Henry Pillsbury stood out in plain view. And in that fleeting moment he had stamped the street and number indelibly in his mind.

"I merely mentioned that I was desirous of seeing a list of your members, and that I was contemplating joining your club," the detective observed.

He seemed as cool and calm as before. Brinkerhoff, on the contrary, was much excited. Something that he seemed to see in that placid face gave him a strange uneasiness. It was as though there hovered over his devoted head a sword, keen as that of Damocles, and suspended with but a single hair.

He did not aspire to have this remarkable man become a member; perhaps there were secrets in the management of the club which might not bear investigation; and somehow this sturdy party, who refused to be brow-beaten by his savage mood, aroused his apprehension. So with a hasty sweep of his hand he closed the book.

Little Old Slavin cared. He had all the information he wanted; and to shut the stable door after the horse has been stolen is always poor policy.

"Our membership, it is limited!" snapped the other, aggressively.

"So?"

"And our list it is now full!"

"I am sorry!"

"Besides, even if that was not so, we would not care to take strangers in here. Every member he has to have a sponsor. Do you know anybody present?"

Old Slavin looked around. There was an amused gleam in his eye. At another time he might have found considerable pleasure in baiting this ugly-tempered retired prize-fighter. Just now he had other fish to fry, and must forego the temptation. He shook his head.

"None of those in sight; but perhaps I might yet find one on the list," he remarked.

"It will have to be some other day then. We are too much engaged just now, to spend the time. Good night!"

That was a plain invitation for the intruder to betake himself off. Old Slavin smiled again. Apparently nothing could ruffle his remarkably even temperament. But then he had secured all he wished; and when a man has accomplished his ends, he can easily afford to look pleasant.

"Thank you for the warm invitation, mein herr. Some other day you may expect to see me here again. I trust that you will have a little more leisure to entertain me then."

With that he turned and walked toward the exit.

Ere passing out he glanced dextrously over his shoulder. Brinkerhoff was talking excitedly to the nervous little man who served him as clerk and bookkeeper.

Evidently he was demanding information, for he immediately started to flip open the book again. It was plain that he meant to examine the page which had seemed to interest this mysterious old party, and ascertain if possible just why he was examining that particular place in the list.

Of course, he would discover that Pillsbury's signature and address were there. That fact would cause him to remember that the stranger had quietly asked him how Pillsbury was "getting on."

Would he put two and two together, and discover that the situation bore earmarks indicating peril to some one? Old Slavin hoped not.

The man was rather thick-headed, and hardly calculated to grapple with a crisis demanding shrewdness. His talent had lain in using his big fists to land a knockout punch somewhere about the anatomy of a rival bruiser.

The detective had reason to be satisfied with his success thus far. He knew where Henry Pillsbury lived, and could proceed to call upon him. Although he had heard Annesley relate to poor Billie how the man he had struck was dead, somehow Old Slavin chose to doubt this fact.

It was true that Annesley had played the part of warm friend and sympathizer to perfection; and even the keen eyes of the detective had failed to discover any positive evidence of fraud. But there is such a mistake as overdoing things.

Annesley had seemed so very solicitous about getting Billie safely shipped out of the country. Why? Was it of vital importance to Annesley that the weak brother escape the penalty of his crime? Did he really care so much for Billie that he was ready to compound a felony, so to speak, in order to save the respected name of Throgmorton?

Old Slavin chuckled at the idea. He knew the brand of man Annesley was, and could not give him credit for such Damon and Pythias affection toward his comrade.

He had a reason for his brotherly love. The sleuth had not forgotten how he fondled that stack of the "long green" after leaving Billie. And upon that significant fact he built pretty much all of his theory.

Annesley was being paid for his work! It was a frame-up, arranged for a purpose. Well, now to discover who the originator of the really clever design might be.

He started to find the place given as Pillsbury's address. It turned out to be a cheap hotel. And the neighborhood was none too select, either; showing that Pillsbury could not have been used to much in his palmiest days.

Discovering a man who seemed to have the air of proprietor coming out of the bar, the detective approached.

"Excuse me, sir, but how is my good friend, Pillsbury?" he asked, pleasantly.

The man stared at him.

"I do not know what you mean," he replied.

"I heard that he was injured the other night; and some said he had been taken to the hospital; but I believed he would be found in his lodgings."

The stout man shook his head.

"Nixy. I do not know," he replied again.

"But you understand that I am looking for a young man named Henry Pillsbury?"

"So?"

"He stays here with you, does he not?"

Another negative shake, and then the man replied:

"He did, once!"

"Do I understand you to say he has moved his quarters from here, sir?"

"That is so."

"About how long ago was that?"

A bill changed hands just then, and somehow the fat proprietor of the place, which had a bar attached, seemed suddenly to become more talkative. When the hinges are oiled the door always swings with greater freedom, it appears.

"I think it is two weeks ago he go away. It is because he strike it good, and think he should the better lodgings have. That was all."

"Oh! I am sorry, because he is a dear friend of mine, and I want to see him very much. Try and think now, if you couldn't remember just where he has gone."

The face of the fat man became wrinkled with the apparent effort, but he was watching cunningly out of the corner of his eye. And it was the right hand of the detective that his gaze was riveted upon. Old Slavin tumbled to the game.

It would require another note to accomplish the end he had in view. But it was worth it. Billie must be saved, if it lay within his power; and those appealing blue eyes of Janet haunted him constantly with their look of confidence in his ability.

"Now tell me," and something changed hands.

"I remember that Mr. Pillsbury, he give me the address to which his trunk it should go. And I write it down in my notebook. Sure, here it is."

Accordingly the detective jotted it down, after personally inspecting the entry.

CHAPTER IX.

OLD FOX SLAVIN had been through all this sort of thing so many times that he knew every little artifice connected with it. Frequently a detective must usurp the office of a dentist. Obtaining information is very much like extracting teeth; and when the operation promises to be painful, the patient's gums must first be rubbed with cocaine in the shape of hard cash. Then things work more smoothly.

But on the whole, the sleuth was satisfied with the way matters were moving along. Difficulties never daunted him. Indeed, as a rule he delighted to grapple with them, for there was a gratification in coming out victor after a hard-fought battle.

He wasted no more time with the proprietor of the third-class hotel.

"I am glad to have this address," he remarked, as he took his leave; "for I am anxious about Henry."

And so he was, but in quite another way from what he would have the hotel man believe. However, he wished to make positive before leaving that place for good. Accordingly he came back, and peeped into the room of the bar. The man was looking eagerly at the two bills he had secured with such little effort, and grinning like one greatly tickled.

"It's all right," mused the detective, satisfied with the lay of things; "he doesn't suspect anything wrong; and for that matter, cares less." So he went his way.

Again he had to make quite a jump, for the new address took him to quite another part of the big city. And all

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DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1040 Court Block, Sedalia, Mo.
References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.
Send this notice to some eczema sufferer.

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at once he realized that chance had taken him very close to the Throgmorton home; for he had been particular enough to make a note of where Billie's father lived early in the game.

"I wonder if it would pay?" he asked himself, as a sudden notion struck him.

The temptation was strong, and possibly this business of looking up Pillsbury could wait; at any rate, it could make little difference, if as that soul of honor and friendship, Annesley, declared, Henry were dead!

"I believe I'll try it, if by good luck I find the old gentleman home. Yes, it may give me a clew as to a motive in this ugly business; and that is the cornerstone on which the foundation has been erected. It's a go!"

With which he suddenly changed his course, and immediately started along the street which he had just been in the act of crossing.

He speedily found the number. Like most of the surrounding houses it was a substantial building of granite, one of the newer type that differ so radically from the old-fashioned brown-stone fronts. it was detached, proving that the owner must be a very wealthy man, in order to invest so much money in his fad of fresh air and light.

"And this is the home from which poor Billie was kicked out so unceremoniously, when he fell from grace the last time? I don't wonder he has yearnings to get back under the parental roof again. Anybody would, with such a roof, and the prospect of inheriting all in good time. Well, here goes."

He ascended the front steps of marble. There was light within, showing that the occupants could not yet have retired. His pressure of the electric button brought a pompous serving man to the door.

"I would like to see Mr. Throgmorton, if he is in."

The man looked at him, and a frown gathered on his face; perhaps he had his orders, and was about to declare that his master was in bed at that hour.

Old Slavin smiled blandly, and the marvelous hypnotism in his look began to affect even this severe butler.

"What name, sir?" he asked stiffly

"I will send in my card, if you will allow me to pencil a line on it. The matter is of very great importance to Mr. Throgmorton."

He wrote something, and then handed the card over.

"Have a chair, sir!" said the butler, thawing out in a manner that must have surprised even himself, when he came to reflect upon it later.

Only a brief minute was he gone Then he came out of a room that was possibly the library, and he was nodding as he advanced toward the waiting detective.

Of course, Old Slavin had changed his plan of campaign in even the brief space of time since this sudden notion to call upon the retired coffee king had flashed across his mind. It would never do for him to reveal to the haughty Amos Throgmotton, for instance, that his wayward boy was even then under suspicion of having killed a man in a brawl! He must go about his business in another way, and like an inspiration had come the thought of Janet.

Why not pretend that he was working under her direction, and that he had ventured to disturb the elderly gentleman at such an hour of the night for a very good reason? It was simple, and to a wizard in the art like Old Slavin the plan offered little in the line of impediment.

"Mr. Throgmorton will see you, sir. Be pleased to come with me."

And presently he had been ushered into a magnificent apartment, where the walls were fairly covered with bookcases containing a glorious collection of old and modern volumes.

Allen Slavin instantly caught a glimpse of Amos Throgmorton's hobby. He was a book-lover, a purchaser of ancient prints that, to a connoisseur, were worth their weight in gold.

Now, Slavin himself had a leaning in this direction, even if he did not squander a great amount of money in pursuing the delightful hobby. He could "talk shop" equal to the best informed, and admire what another had collected, without showing a trace of envy.

He saw that Amos Throgmorton was a very handsome gentleman, with a white mustache, and the air of an admiral, at least. It required no second glance to discover pride of birth sticking out all over him; and Slavin realized that poor Billie must have inherited his mother's traits, rather than those of his father.

The gentleman had arisen. He was looking at the card in his hand, and then surveying his caller curiously. A frown upon his forehead gave evidence that he did not wholly like this intrusion on his privacy.

Old Slavin had a card prepared for just such an occasion as this. It bore the well sounding name of:

"Mr. Addison Jay Garrabrant."

Immediately he had entered, he closed the door after him, a circumstance that caused the frown to deepen on the forehead of the handsome owner of the house.

"I beg your pardon for doing so, Mr Throgmorton; but in my business we early learn that walls have ears, and what I want to say to you should by no means be heard by any of your servants."

The gentleman was looking closely at him, possibly a trifle suspicious, since there were so many cranks loose upon the community at this day. But the more he looked the less he found reason to allow himself any uneasiness.

"What might your business be, Mr. ah"—with a quick glance down at the card—"Garrabrant?"

"I am a detective, sir!"

At that Mr Throgmorton started. Evidently he had had few occasions during his business career to call upon the services of a detective, and perhaps the type of men he had in mind was not altogether satisfying. That a detective should call upon him in this abrupt manner gave him a shock.

He turned a bit white and gnawed his under lip, so that Old Slavin knew his thoughts must have instinctively flown out toward his only boy, a wanderer from home, and with morals none too steady.

"Ah! be kind enough to sit down, sir. Naturally I am both surprised and startled by this visit. Will you relieve my suspense by telling me without beating about the bush, what brings you here?"

He was coming around, and Slavin knew he would have little trouble in accomplishing the end he had in view, which, after all, was only to pick up some threads of information, so that he might continue weaving the warp and woof of his theory.

"To begin with, Mr. Thorgmorton, I am in the employ of a certain party who is deeply interested in the welfare of your only son, Billie!"

The retired manipulator of the coffee market rubbed his chin as he heard this; and Old Slavin even imagined he could detect a faint smile creeping over his face.

"He is fond of the girl, at any rate," he thought, "and that means a whole lot; but then how could it be otherwise, with those blue eyes of hers to bolster up her cause?"

"So, that's the way the wind blows, is it?" remarked the gentleman, presently. "Janet sent you to see me, did she? Well, what has the indiscreet fellow been up to now?"

This highly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

Shocking the Lady.

An American visitor to London, who possessed a vivid imagination, was speaking to an English lady whose knowledge of America was very limited.

"I suppose," the lady remarked, shuddering, "it is common enough over there to see two or three lynchings every day?"

"Oh, quite!" the American agreed wearily.

"And I suppose you have seen people lynched?" she suggested.

"Yes, oh, yes!" he assured her brightly. "The last lynching I was at was just before I sailed. I was dining with some friends at a restaurant in New York, when the waiter brought us some pudding that we didn't like. After we had tasted it we decided to hang the waiter, so we strung him up to one of the chandeliers."

The lady gazed at him in horror. "And do you mean to tell me," she gasped, "that you took part in this horrible crime?"

"No," the American replied, "I wasn't present at the actual hanging?"

"You had gone for the police, I hope?" she said severely.

"Well, not exactly," the American blandly explained. "I was too busy in the kitchen!"

"Busy?" she asked. "Doing what?"

"Shooting the cook!" he seriously replied.

* * *

Deceived.

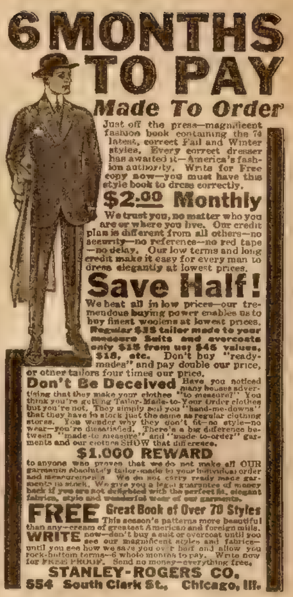
An Englishman and an Irishman went to the captain of a ship bound for America and asked permission to work their passage over. The captain consented, but asked the Irishman for references and let the Englishman go on without them. This made the Irishman angry and he planned to get even.

One day when they were washing off the deck the Englishman leaned far over the rail, dropped the bucket and was just about to haul it up when a huge wave came and pulled him overboard.

The Irishman stopped scrubbing, went over to the rail, and, seeing the Englishman had disappeared, went to the captain and said: "Perhaps yez rimimber whin I shipped aboard this vessel ye asked me for riference and let the Englishman come on without thim?"

The captain said: "Yes, I remember."

"Well, ye've been deceived," said the Irishman; "he's gone off wid yer pail!"



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Wanted—A Reward.

Mistress—"Jane, I've found my best silk petticoat in your trunk!"

Jane—"'Ave yer, mum? And you thought you had lost it. Fancy that!"

Several Kinds.

St. Peter—"What was your occupation on earth?"

Spirit—"Robber."

St. Peter—"Ice, coal or gas?"

HIS WISH AND HERS.

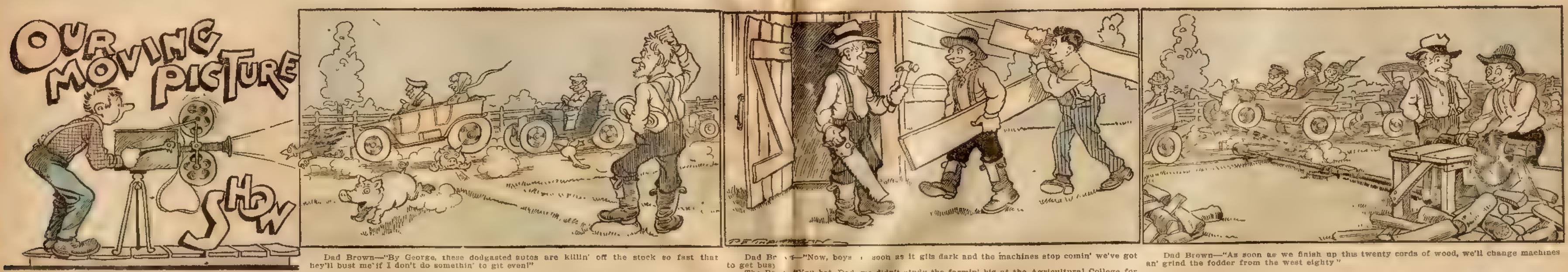
"I wish," he said, "you could make pies,
Like mother used to bake."
"And I," said she, "wish that you made
The cash pa used to make!"

Resigned.

"Some day," cried the outraged poet, "you editors will fight for my work."

"All right," sighed the editor, resignedly, "but if I lose I'll be just as happy."

HOW HE GOT EVEN

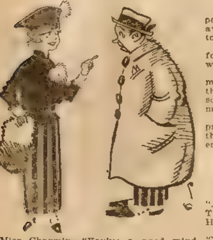


Dad Brown—"By George, these dodgasted autos are killin' off the stock so fast that hey'll bust me if I don't do somethin' to git even!"

Dad Br —"Now, boys , soon as it gits dark and the machines stop comin' we've got to get busy

The Bo —"You bet, Dad, we didn't study the farmin' biz at the Agricultural College for nothin'!"

Dad Brown—"As soon as we finish up this twenty cords of wood, we'll change machines an' grind the fodder from the west eighty."



Miss Charmin—"You've a good mind to kiss me? Well, I must say I admire your cheek!"

He—"And I like yours. That's why I've a good mind to kiss you."

◆

Made His Aunt Happy.

"It is the duty of every one to make at least one person happy during the week,' said a Sunday school teacher "Now, have you done so, Bobbie?"

'Yes,' said Bobbie

'That's right. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she was happy when I went home."

■

Making Sure.

Mistress—"Why have you put two hot-water bottles in my bed, Bridget?"

Bridget—"Sure, mum, wan of thim was leaking, and I didn't know which, so I put both in to make sure."

His Last Act.

There had been an explosion in a powder mill, and the proprietor, who was away on a pleasure trip, hurried home to make an investigation

"How did it happen?" he asked the foreman of the mill as he viewed the wreck "Who was to blame?"

"Well, you see, sir," replied the foreman, "it was like this. Bill went into the mixing-room, probably thinking of something else, and struck a match in mistake He

'Struck a match!" exclaimed the proprietor in amazement. "I should have thought that would be the last thing on earth he'd do!"

"It was, sir!" said the foreman

◆

Easy Enough.

'Here's one for you," said Tom to Carl. "A dog was tied to a rope ten feet long. Twenty feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get to the bone?"

"Oh, that is an old one," said Carl "You want me to say, 'I give it up,' and you say, 'That is what the other cur did.'"

No, you're wrong, for the dog got the meat."

Well, how did he do it?"

'Why, the other end of the rope was not tied.'

◆

Three Stages of Love.

Clara—"I don't know what to make of your brother. For three months after we met, he did nothing but write poetry to me."

Dora—"Has he stopped that?"

"Yes Since then he has made me some nice presents, but he has even stopped that."

"H'm! Let—me—see I have it. The household pages of our newspapers have been clipped terribly of late No doubt he is making a collection of cooking recipes. He's in earnest."

His Brag.

Robert had two little playfellows who were passing the afternoon with him. They finally began boasting about their parents and belongings

"My father," bragged Robert, "is going to build a fine house with a steeple on it."

"That's nothing," exclaimed Louis, scornfully. "My father has just built a house with a flagpole on it."

Sherman, who had been listening intently, was silent for a moment, then burst forth triumphantly

"Gee, that's nothing. My father is going to build a corking house with a mortgage on it."

◆

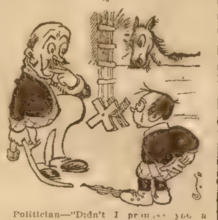
No Comparison.

An Englishman and an American were standing before the wonders of the Victoria Falls, in darkest Africa, when the Englishman said

"Surely you must concede that these falls are far grander than your Niagara Falls."

'What?" replied the American. "Compare these to our Niagara Falls? Why man alive, they are a mere perspiration."

◆



Politician—"Didn't I promise you a whipping if you did that again"

Small Son—"Y—yes, pop; but that was before election, and I thought you'd forget it afterward, like all your other promises!"

◆

Willing to Oblige.

Mrs. Randall had just finished instructing her new girl, who came to her from an intelligence office. Her general appearance pleased the mistress greatly and she felt sure that at last she had succeeded in finding a prize

"And, Lizzie, do you have to be called in the morning?" she asked, as an afterthought.

I don't have to be, mum," replied the new assistant hopefully, "unless you just happen to need me."

◆

Got Mixed.

"You didn't stay very long on the water-wagon."

"Not very."

"I thought you said you would not drink a drop?"

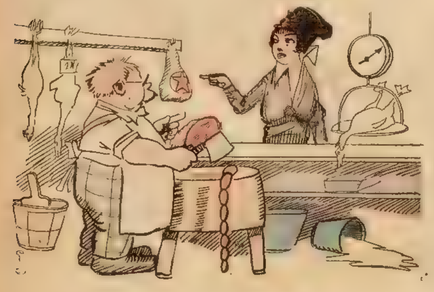
'Got my phraseology mixed Meant that I wouldn't drop a drink."

■

Enjoyed Life.

Dora—"How horrid it must have been for young people in Puritan days—no theaters, no music, no dances, no nice dresses, even."

Clara—"Y-e-s; but they had kissing games."



Mrs. Hammond Egge—"That goose you sold me for a young one was tough as leather."

The Market Man—"It was young, all right, but it was a wild goose and I never knew a wild youth that wasn't tough."

Amateur Pride.

Mrs. de Style—"Why in the world don't you practice your music? Your playing last evening was admirable"

Miss de Style—"Why, maw, you wouldn't have your guests mistaking me for one of those horrid professionals who get paid for their music, would you?"

How It Started.

"How did they get into the scrap?"

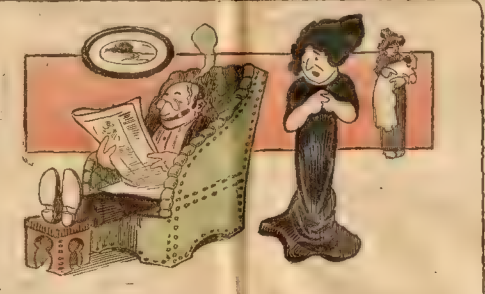
"Trying to preserve their neutrality."

Expensive Tastes.

Father—"Yes, I admit that your lover has a good income, but he has very expensive tastes, very."

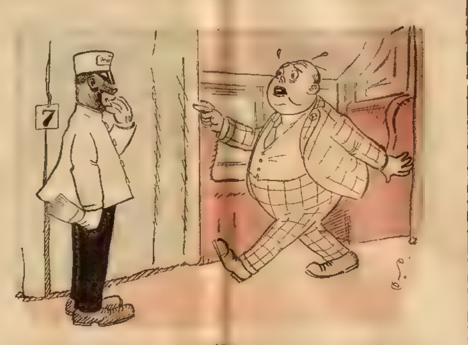
Daughter—"You amaze me. What does he ever want that is so very expensive?"

Father—'Well, you for one thing'



Wife—"Oh, John baby swallowed a nickel before the nurse could get it away from him!"

Husband—"If he's as sensible at twenty-one, he'll be a wonder!"



Excited Passenger—"I say, porter! Did you find a $1,000 government bond in my berth when you made it up?"

Calm Pullman Porter—"Yes, sah, I thought you left it there as a tip."

Too Thin.

"Father," said the student, "I want to talk to you about changing my course of study."

'Talk to your mother, son," directed the father, who was reading the sporting page

Mother," said the son, "I made a mistake when I selected chemistry. But it is not too late to change even yet. I want to take up astronomy instead."

The mother searched the eyes of her son sharply Then she said

"Nope! You'll have to think of some better excuse for staying out at night!"

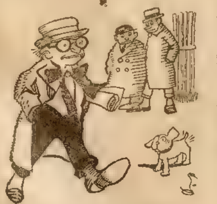
◆

His Story.

"Excuse me, sir," said the seedy one in the hotel lobby, "but though a stranger to me, your face seems familiar. Have you any relatives in Atlanta?"

"Not one," was the reply. "Years ago I floated down the Chattahoochee River on a raft, leaving all my relatives behind. The raft was wrecked in a storm and I had to swim ashore, with a forty-pound catfish in tow. I traded the fish for a week's board, put an ad. in the 'Lost' column, recovered my wrecked raft and started a lumber-yard."

◆



Janaway—"He's literary all right."

Friend Hayes—"How's that?"

Janaway—"Wears a typewriter ribbon for a necktie."

◆

Her Ancestry.

In a speech in the Senate on Hawaiian affairs, Senator Depew, of New York, told this story:

When Queen Liliuokalani was in England during the English Queen's jubilee, she was received at Buckingham Palace. In the course of the remarks that passed between the two queens, the one from the Sandwich Islands said that she had English blood in her veins

"How so?" inquired Victoria

"My ancestors ate Captain Cook

◆

Why They Settle.

Wife—"Who can doubt the power of woman's love! Think of the thousands of wild youths who have settled down into staid and respectable citizens as soon as they married!"

Husband—"Good lands! They couldn't afford to be anything else after they got married."

◆

They Are Strangers Now.

Mrs. Newed—"My husband, I regret to say, is a man of very poor taste."

Miss Singleton—"Well, you ought to be thankful that such is the case."

Mrs. Newed—"Why so?"

Miss Singleton—"Otherwise he would still be in the bachelor class."

Hunting for Business.

An invalid was walking out with his wife the other day when a man met them and very effusively shook his hand

'An' how do you do? How do you do? How is your health, now?" exclaimed the man

"None of your business snapped the invalid, and, jerking his hand away he hurried off with his wife

"My dear," she said reprovingly, when he had slowed up so that she could speak "why were you so rude to that gentleman? He seemed very anxious to know how you were.'

"Rude nothing," growled the invalid. "I've got a right to be. That chap is the new undertaker, who opened a shop in our neighborhood last week."

◆

A Latter-day Romance.

"Miss Up to Date (breathlessly)—"Have I arrived in time?

Mr Adorer (suitor)—'Eh? In time for what?"

"I hear that you and Mr Lovem are going to fight a duel."

"We are

"And it's about me?"

'It is

"It must not be.'

'One or the other must die. We can't both marry you.'

"No, but you can compromise."

'How?"

"Play poker till one or the other gets all the money, and then I will marry the winner."

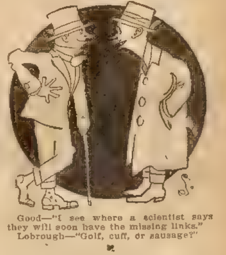
◆

Staying Qualities.

Two business men were lunching in Fifth Avenue when an old graybeard stopped by. "That's Brown. He works for me," said the first business man.

"He's an honest looking chap. Has he got staying powers?" asked the second business man

"He has that," said the first. "He began at the bottom of the ladder in '76, and he's stayed there ever since



Good—"I see where a scientist says they will soon have the missing links."

Lobrough—"Golf, cuff, or sausage?"

◆

Not the Friday Odor.

Little Rollo, aged five, had always observed that fish was the big dish at his home on Friday. And he had observed that the rule held in the neighboring households

Recently little Rollo was sent out to visit his grandma in the country. And after a day or two he missed something.

"Grandma," said he, "ain't it ever Friday in the country?"

"What a question!" she laughed "Of course it is. Today is Friday, dear"

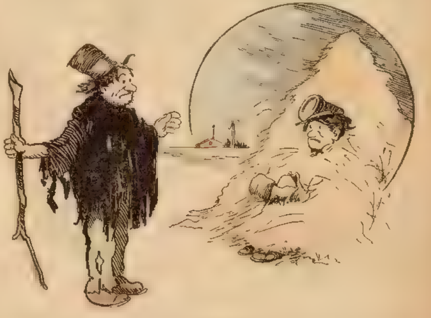
"Well," said Rollo. "It don't smell like Friday"

◆

A Railroad in Debt.

"Is this train running on time?"

"I should say so," answered the conductor "It can't run any other way. The company has had to get so many extensions of credit that the whole road is running on time."



Bill—"Farmer just offered me a job!"

Hank—"I suppose you escaped by pulling a cigarette on him?"

Bill—"I didn't hev one! I escaped by telling him I was just graduated from an agricultural college!"

LEIF THE BOLD

Or, FIRST IN AMERICA

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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Begun in No. 44, October 31. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII

WHAT WAS OVERHEARD.

HALF an hour later Leif and Thora left the linden tree and moved toward the shelter hut wherein she dwelt. Midway they reached another tree, and there they paused for a moment. With his arm around her waist the Earl kissed her lips, and then, with a soft good night from each other, they parted.

Leif watched until she disappeared, and presently turned aside, alone. Alone in body, but not in mind. Invisible spirits kept him company, and his great heart was light. He walked, and his steps were light. He heard a Norseman singing a song of love not many yards distant, and barely repressed the inclination to join in with his rich voice. Had he done so the nooks of Leifhome would have rung with the melody, for the master was happy.

He saw the nodding trees and felt them kindred. He gazed upon the beckoning sea and felt it reach out a friendly hand from home. He caught the odor of adjacent flowers and breathed their sweetness in gratefully. All things that were fair matched his mood.

He looked up the slope and saw the rune-stone. It was a shapely rock, and it had at least one line that appealed to his heart. "Defender of the True Faith." It was good, for Thora had conceived it.

Passing Sigurd's hut he saw the great sledge that had partly smoothed the stone standing by its corner. He lifted the hammer and held it aloft, exulting in his strength. Even that senseless thing had a still voice. It was good, for it had made clear the space where the Skald had put the words that Thora had studied out so wisely.

Leif Erikson, Defender of the True Faith! But he was more, for he was a teacher of the faith. That night Thora had professed herself converted to Christianity by his reasoning, and she had promised to be his wife.

Why not? He grew more sedate, and, pacing back and forth, meditated deeply.

"I was hasty in condemning Regnar, the Bear," he mentally confessed. "He is near fifty years old, and a typical Viking, but, as he argued in my presence, to be a Viking is no longer necessarily to be a pirate. He has never been one. Let me be candid enough to admit that. He had been a warrior on land and sea, and why?

"His estates nigh Hardanger fjord are rich, and exposed. They tempt the real pirates and evil-doers, and the Bear is open to attack. Being harassed, he is man enough to strike back forcefully, so he fights ashore, and in his ship. Why not?

"As for his latest voyage, when I made him prisoner he reminded me that the presence of his daughters in the Strong Cub was proof that it was no piratical foray, and claimed that he had merely been sailing to spy out the position of a troublesome buccaneer of other blood far south.

"I ought, then, to have admitted his truth, but it is not too late. When Thora raises her little finger the stout Bear Viking goes home if he wills it so. Yet, until that finger is raised, the fact that I have promised shall, by her request, be kept secret. I am mute until she bids me speak.

"None but us two will guess it, yet not Leif Erikson but Thora is ruler of this new land. The Red Raven is tamed by the young of the Bear!"

The Earl paused. From the hut of the singer floated another song, but, as Leif did not recognize it, its name will forever remain unknown. One thing only may be confidently asserted, it did not deal with the sorry fate of Achilles, the Greek.

Yet, the sons of Achilles we have with us always.

The following day the Earl ordered that a boat be lowered from his ship, and that the mast be stepped and the sail bent. Then he called to Thorkel:

"You will take yonder craft," he directed, "and give some recreation to the young of the Bear. Guard them well. Sail for an hour or two, but always have an eye open for the Indians. See to it that they do not come forth in their canoes and cut you off from return. Regnar would grieve if harm came to his children. They are trusted to you."

"Sir," the warrior replied readily, "I will take my brains with me, and then no barbarian will do us ill."

Thus it was that, on that day, and on every other plesant day afterwards, the girls went sailing with Thorkel in charge. No better man could have been found. He was sometimes intemperate of speech, and often his voice boomed mightily when he was in anger, but his heart was big under his forceful breast and his courage great

He proved, too, a courteous and thoughtful protector.

Now, this sudden relaxation for the maidens, coming in connection with the long talks between Thora and Leif, could not fail to awaken close thought among the Norsemen, but there was no public sign of the fact. Leif permitted very free speech from his followers, but no man would venture to banter him lightly, and they were too prudent to smile in amusement now, within his sight.

Hence, though the Earl was not blind to what must be guessed, no human being brought the subject up in his presence by word or look.

Thora and Inger, however, had a change from close confinement in Leifhome. They sailed along the coast, and often well out to sea, and so caught the touch of the breezes there, and saw the blithe wrinkle of the waters, and, when they tired of the view there a look ashore showed them the green wall of trees with the Red Raven emblem floating over the rise where the Earl had planted his banner. There was happiness for the maidens in these goings.

Meanwhile, the biblical lessons continued, but a subtle change had crept into them, and one not for the worse.

Elsewhere, matters did not go so well. Leif continued to send out exploring parties, and the reports were not favorable. In brief, each day the Indians were seen in greater numbers, and though they fled at sight of the Norsemen, there was menace in their increase.

It was not to be doubted that they were gathering from afar to make open war, and they counted so many that the position of the little force at Leifhome became precarious.

The Earl and his leading men were considering whether it was not imperatively necessary that they desert their two settlements and flee before all were butchered. Safety demanded that they return to the Norse country.

The time came when all the Sea Rider hands were admitted to formal conference, as their opinions were wanted. The day had been threatening, with black clouds passing across the sky from west to east, and there was still evidence of a thunder shower. The elements fittingly added gloom to the depression of the leaders.

A fire was built, and around it gathered the warriors, with Leif, Olaf and Haakon in the center of the group. The light fell impressively on the stalwart party, now burning steadily, and then flaring as wind came out of the air spaces. Now and then there was more of illumination, for pulses of bright, wide, lingering lightnings flashed from the inky clouds.

Leif told the situation in full, keeping nothing back, and laid everything before his followers simply. Then he asked for comments.

Thorkel bent his brows in a frown, and was silent. Others hesitated, but, urged to speech, spoke gloomily but directly. They, too, had read the threatening signs. Bold as they were, they felt that to stay at Leifhome was to be butchered by the gathering Indians when they dared attack with overwhelming numbers.

The Earl had noticed Thorkel's silence, and finally addressed him.

"And you, son of Taakel, the Strong? What is your word?"

"My Earl," replied Thorkel soberly, "none but the blind can fail to read, and my voice will never be lifted in opposition if the judgment be to go, but this let me say—if you, Leif, the Bold, decree that we stay, then I will spill buckets of blood ere I permit the barbarians to bleed me to death on this fair slope."

The fact was never put in words, perhaps, but his reply really settled the question. When the most passionately brave man of their force admitted the need of departure it was the time to give grave consideration to flight.

The question was put to vote, with Thorkel, Olaf, Haakon and Leif giving their ballots last, and the vote was unanimous.

Rather than die under the pressure of numbers, Leifhome was to be abandoned and sails bent for the voyage back to the Norse country.

When the sad-faced group broke up two men betook themselves where their hearts led them. Sigurd the Skald, went to the rune-stone he had shaped and carved so carefully, and laid his hand upon it just as the slow, lingering lightning flashed again out of the west. The poet was wrapped in the light, and it showed his somber face and quivering lip.

"It is hard," the Skald murmured. "Hard that this brave stone should be left to the company of the heathen brown men, hard that it be deserted by civilized beings and sunken again into base solitudes. It is the child of my hands and my brain, and, though I can find fault with no man for a going away that I myself commend, I could wish myself a woman that I might bathe the rock in tears."

He stood still for minutes, while at intervals the lightning flashed as if in indolence, and the gleam fell upon his drooping figure. Finally he bestirred himself again.

"What," he mused, "will be its future if long years pass and this settlement is not renewed? The stone will endure, and so will the inscription, which will mean nothing to the heathen Indians. And what then? If other white men come, ages later, will the rock be here?"

He ran his hand caressingly across its top.

"Men say that stones 'grow,' meaning that when, each spring, frosts thaw out and lift the bowlders, and they do not sink back as does the ground when it dries, rocks seem to become larger. Will this always keep the rune-stone well above surface?"

Again he lovingly fondled the memorial.

"Twin dangers remain. The earth here is gravelly, and a landslide from above may sometime bury the rune-stone. Or, it may be, a hidden brook will open the way and let it sink. Perhaps, when other civilized men come, the rock will be buried beyond sight. And what then?"

He lifted both hands toward the black sky. His eyes seemed to seek the vault above and his brain to draw tidings from the heavens.

"I see into the future dimly, and this is revealed to me: Even though hundreds of years pass, and the brave memorial lies buried, the time will come when it will be discovered, unearthed, revealed, read and understood. Then all men will know that Leif Erikson planted his banner here in the year 1000. It will be so."

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His hands fell and he looked again at the child of his hands. Then he touched it tenderly.

"Farewell!" he murmured. "It may be ages hence, but, some day long after Sigurd Sigurdson is reduced to clay, you will be recovered and comprehended. It is so decreed!"

He turned and walked down the slope.

Meanwhile, Earl Leif had also been busy with walking and looking. A few days hence the settlement would be deserted, and it grieved him sorely, so he was moving and surveying each prominent feature. Here he had landed and established his town. He must go away, and all would be lost. It was a painful knowledge, and he liked it little, though he had less of sentimentality than Sigurd, and no word passed his lips.

He had paused under the linden tree where he and Thora had dwelt upon the Bible lessons, and a fresh wave of regret was upon him when he saw Regnar and Alger approaching. He was not in mood to meet them, and he paused, waiting for them to pass.

Instead, they stopped only a few yards away and the Viking began to speak.

"Alger," he said, "I wanted to tell you something. I want your opinion. You saw Olaf in conversation with my daughter, just before dark?"

"Yes," Alger answered.

"After that he came to me, and his purpose amazed me. Good friend, he asked me for permission to pay his addresses to my child, with view to marriage with her."

"That is surprising to me," was the quiet reply, "but when he asks of her he will soon see how hopeless his desire is."

"But are you sure of that? Leif Erikson's men are all powerful here. Will he not insist, will he not try to compel what he cannot otherwise secure? Violence may be used, for he is resolved to marry the girl."

"Have you told her this?"

"No. Why worry her? I am myself nearly frantic over the danger."

Alger looked down, kicked the earth lightly and seemed to meditate. Then he suddenly glanced up.

"Be calm, Regnar. To ease your mind I will make a confession. He will not marry her, for she is already my wife!"

"What?"

"Good Regnar, I humbly beg your pardon for an act not known to you, but hear the manner of it. It was a week before we sailed from home that she and I, walking together, came by chance to where a maid and a man were being wedded. We paused to look. The happy pair bantered us to follow their example, and, acting under the impulse of the moment, we united our fortunes for life. Ay, she is my wife. Good sir, here and now I crave your forgiveness, but you will see that no man can marry her who is my own wife."

Alger spoke with perceptible anxiety, but the arm of the Bear Viking moved out quickly and he grasped his young comrade's hand.

"Now, may Odin and Thor be thanked for this!" he cried.

He proceeded to say more, but Leif Erikson was stealing away and did not hear. One word sounded huskily in his throat, over and over.

"Thora—Thora—Thora!"

It was the cry of a human soul in direst pain.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY THE RUNE-STONE.

SOME rods distant Earl Leif again paused, this time free from possible observation. His mind was a whirlpool of emotions, and agony tore at his heart like a wild beast. His face was convulsed, and his limbs trembled as never before. In his mind, as in the heavens, lightning went flashing through the harrowing blackness of despair.

Thora had promised to marry him, yet he had just heard Alger announce a wife when under the linden tree. It was bitterness that he had been played with, but it was little compared with the despair of his loss.

Events wheeled into line as he stood there. Back to his mind came the occasion, now forgotten for weeks, when Ludwig had pointed to where Alger and Thora stood in conversation, and had stated that the Bear Viking's men said Alger was betrothed to Regnar's daughter.

Why had that statement passed from Leif's mind? Remembering, he would have guarded his own mental moods and gone free from treachery and grief. But, then, the maid was nothing to him, and he had let it slip from his mind.

Why had he not remembered?

Other things he did remember. He recalled Thora's show of interest in the new religion, her grave, pensive, sweet way of listening, her rapt and half-deferential attention to all he taught. Most bitter of all he remembered that she had, at his instigation, declared her love for him and promised to marry him.

Yet she was as much a wife then as now.

Played with, deceived, tricked, and why? His mind was too alert not to catch the explanation. She wanted to go back to the Norse country, and in her father's ship. To do this she had only to make her captor captive to her wiles and it would be done, even as it had, in its first steps, really been accomplished.

Deceived, played with, tricked! She had made a mock of him. Where now was her professed devotion to his religion? His new faith had been dragged in the mud and defiled. And by whom? Who, save by her who had led him to put on the rune-stone that fateful line, "Defender of the True Faith"?

His religion—it had been said before then that Leif never lost his calm, but no man saw him then, nor dreamed of the convulsion that tore his soul. His religion was defiled! That wretched line on the rock seemed to cry out to him like a demon set below the other fair lines of the inscription.

Defender of the True Faith! It was there, fast carved, a thing to be thought of fiercely in later years. Her act—hers! And cut in rock. Maddening line!

Then he had an inspiration. He started again, now much calmer, but had gone only a few yards when he met Sigurd, just returned from the ground above. Recognizing him, he strode forward and grasped the Skald's arm savagely.

"Sir," he said deeply, "when you return home you will write a Saga telling what has been done here?"

"Yes," Sigurd replied, wonderingly.

"Be it so. We have made four landings, and named four towns. Write of Helluland, of Markland, of Vineland, but never one word of Leifhome. Let that name be forever unwritten, and this settlement forever untold of by you. Let no Saga mention we were ever here. When we sail away this place becomes a dead matter, never to be mentioned by rune or man. Do you understand?"

"Yes," gasped Sigurd, confused and frightened, "but—but——"

Leif flung him violently aside.

"Remember!" he grated. "I swear most solemnly that no person beyond seas shall ever hear of Leifhome!"

"But—but——"

The stammering poet was alone. The Earl had marched into the darkness beyond and Sigurd dared not follow.

Leif had a purpose in view. He knew where a desired object was, and made for it. Presently, from beside a hut, he took the great sledge-hammer that had helped to make the rune-stone what it was. Carrying it as if it were a mere feather he hastened up the slope until he reached the rock. Black as the night was he could not go astray, for the slow, lingering lightning flared out of the west and showed the memorial to him.

It would be there but little longer. In his passion-tossed mind was the purpose to reduce the thing to fine grains and forever destroy all form of words and of rock.

He stood over it, inflexible, bitter, a brother of the tempest. Now the darkness was profound, but he swung the hammer aloft and struck the first blow. Deceived by circumstances, his aim was poor and the implement made but a glancing blow.

The crash was great, but the execution as nothing. Again he swung the hammer aloft. Again he struck. This time a few slivers of stone flew, but none near the inscription.

"Am I resisted?" he growled. "It will avail nothing. I'll beat the accursed thing to powder!" He swung the hammer up a third time.

"Earl Leif!"

Soft, low, plaintive and sweet, the words stole to his ears. The great hammer slowly descended and he turned. At that moment the lightning flared again out of the heavens and he and Thora stood almost touching each other, wrapped in the lingering light.

"You!" spoke the warrior briefly, his mood changing to cold calm and his voice even as ice.

"Yes," she said tremulously. "I—I do not understand. You would destroy the rune-stone?"

"Ay."

"But why?"

Her tones had a strange tension, as if the ice of his manner had stolen into her heart and frozen her words.

He rested the hammer on the ground. His eyes searched her face, but the light was gone and he saw only darkness, with a dim shape within it. Inexorable, his mind marked out what he would say.

"The last line on the rock—Defender of the True Faith—is it not there?"

"Yes, Earl Leif."

"True Faith! Faith in religion. Is there no other Faith? I have heard of the Faith of women. What is that?"

"Something to be held sacred by all of my sex."

"Do you so hold it?"

"I do, sir."

Now she spoke in husky whispers, and he sensed rather than saw that she was shaking pitiably, but his purpose did not change.

"You said that you loved me, and promised to be my wife."

"It is so, sir."

"How could that be when you are already the wife of Alger Grayfell?"

"I, his wife?" she cried, suddenly finding stronger tones. "But I am not his wife!"

"Tonight, I accidentally overheard Alger tell your father that he married Regnar's daughter just before the Strong Cub sailed from home."

"Ay, ay!" she exclaimed eagerly, "it is so, but Alger's wife is my sister Inger, and he has no other. Sir—sir, I am no man's wife!"

Out of the west, bright, dazzling, lingering, yet more than that, flamed the lightning again and again and Leif, the Bold, saw Thora with hands outstretched, her face full of conflicting emotions, her eyes eloquent, her manner pleading and prayerful.

The Earl started violently.

"What?" he gasped. And again he uttered the word, "What?"

"It can be proved, sir. Ask Inger. Ask Alger. Ask the good man who married them, when we go back to Hardanger fjord."

There is a time to doubt and a time to believe. Leif Erikson was not blind nor was he deaf. Truth rang in Thora's words, it sang its song convincingly in her tones, it had planted its sign on her face as revealed by the light from heaven. The warrior's tense muscles relaxed and he stood trembling even as she trembled.

"Fool, fool, fool!" he muttered hoarsely. "How could I be so dull?"

"Tell me everything, sir," she urged. "Let me know, for, my Earl, the faith of the true religion is not stronger than is my woman's faith."

"I'll swear to that!" he cried joyfully. "Hither, delight of my life, come to your own place!"

Thus it was that, by the undefaced rune-stone, Leif Erikson took his convert to his breast again, and Doubt slunk away into the cave of the dark hour just gone by, and the lingering light came from heaven and flooded both in its benign refulgence.

It was some minutes later that Thora's thoughts took a new turn, and, as she was not wholly of yielding fiber, there was something of command in her manner.

"Tell me, sir, how your mistake came about," she directed.

(Continued on page seventeen.)

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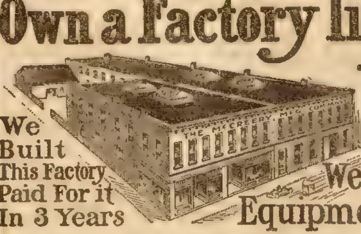
will do it. Made from asphalt and long fibre asbestos, but soft and pliable and anyone can apply it, in either wet or dry weather. It is not affected by heat or cold. 100 lbs, $10.00; 50 lbs, $5 50; 25 lbs, $3 00. Freight prepaid to any R. R. station in Middle West. There is nothing better known for repairing steel, tin, corrugated iron and prepared roofing, gutters, valleys, down spouts or decks; it will outlast original roof. 10 lb can $1.00. Express prepaid to any Middle West town. Order today, or write us about leaks.

NATIONAL ACCESSORIES CO.,
21 E. Van Buren St. CHICAGO

OLD COINS WANTED. $1 to $600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1884. Send 10 cents for our coin value book, it may mean your fortune. ROCKWELL & CO., 3265 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Own a Factory like this -You Can

We Built This Factory Paid For it In 3 Years



We will furnish Equipment Free

ANY AMBITIOUS MAN OR WOMAN SHOULD SUCCEED

Requires no experience—We start you in business in your own town. Show you how to grow prosperous in the canvas glove business. THE DEMAND is enormous—continuous—never failing—everybody—everywhere wears canvas gloves—the farmer—mechanic—doctor—lawyer—the laborer—MILLIONS of canvas gloves are required to supply the demand—they have revolutionized the glove industry.

THERE IS A MARKET right in your locality—you can supply it. Every merchant and store keeper for miles around will buy the canvas gloves from you—they want to patronize home industries—you can meet competition—sell as cheap or cheaper than they can get elsewhere—Besides we furnish you names of over 700 jobbers and dealers who buy canvas gloves.

You Can Start Making Money

from the beginning—Profits are immense. Cost of production and maintenance of business small. We borrowed money a few years ago—to start—began with two sewing machines—Today we employ many men and women—Have become independent and prosperous.

OUR FACTORY is located in a section of the United States where there are hundreds of manufacturing plants—where everything from pins to automobiles are made—Help is scarce—we cannot enlarge our factory—we can't stand still—we must expand so we want to start a few of these factories—watch their interests—give them our valuable assistance. In order to do so we are offering a limited number of ambitious men and women in other localities the opportunity to get into this big paying business.

Our Great Free Offer

We furnish the tools FREE—assist you to start a factory—co-operate with you to successfully conduct the business—give you the benefit of our experience—make it almost impossible to fail.

You become in reality A BRANCH of the McCreery Mfg. Co.—Working independently—we furnish the raw materials—you turn out the finished product—reap the profits.

There are no strings to our offer—you are not bound by any contract to buy from us—only a man to man agreement—that so long as our prices are as low or lower than you can get elsewhere you will buy of us—that's all.

We Tell You All About The Business

In our interesting booklet—How we help you to start for yourself—to become a successful business man or woman—How we can furnish the tools—equip you in the manufacturing of canvas gloves. FREE. All this is told in the booklet.

We have confidence in your ability to succeed—all that is required is ambition—a progressive-get-what-you-go-after-spirit and determination to make good. It costs you but a postage stamp—a postal card to learn more of this great opportunity.

Write today for book—Don't delay—Only a limited number of equipments will be offered free. Full information is yours for post card—send it now.

McCREERY MANUFACTURING COMPANY 1047 Front Street TOLEDO, OHIO

2 FOOT DOLL and DINING ROOM SET

BOTH FREE!

This SLEEPING DOLL is a great big beauty, 2 FEET HIGH and beautifully dressed in satin and laces. Has curly hair, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, closes its eyes and goes to sleep. Beautifully dressed, trimmed underwear, stockings and shoes that can be taken off. You can have this beautiful Doll for distributing only 8 of our handsome lithograph pictures at 25 cents each on our new easy plan. Everybody wants them and will take same on our liberal offer. We also include Set of Doll Furniture, consisting of Table and Four Chairs—of Bamboo—made in far-off Japan, for nothing extra.

2 Pair Curtains EXTRA

To those who earn our beautiful 2-foot Doll and Dining Room Set by distributing only 8 sets of pictures, as above, we also offer 2 pair of handsome Lace Curtains as an extra present. Remember, the Lace Curtains are extra and in addition to the Doll and Furniture Set. Also we send you 10 VOTES in our $2000.00 GRAND PRIZE CONTEST. These ten votes will cost you nothing and are sent you just for starting. Just write for our 8 sets of new lithograph pictures today and get the Doll and Dining Room Set for distributing them, also extra, Lace Curtain offer. *We have been Established 26 Years.* Address W. S. MURPHY, 141 W. OHIO ST., DEPT. S11, CHICAGO.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

SALESMEN WANTED

PROVE YOUR IDENTITY AT BANKS, ETC., with photo-identification enclosed in fine leather pocketbook—comes with new $2,000 accident insurance policy—costs $5 a year—also pays for sickness and injury. Double benefits $10 a year. Agents wanted—high commission. Address Underwriters, 1346 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

WANTED—HUSTLERS TO TAKE ORDERS for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $8.00 to $22.00. Make $25.00 to $50.00 weekly. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line. Dep't E., Sangamon St., Chicago.

SIDE LINE—ANY ONE WHO TRAVELS TO small towns, any district, can earn $60.00 to $80.00 per month, without a cent of expense, appointing boy agents to handle our papers; known everywhere, national circulation. Only takes a few minutes to pick out a boy. You'll find it refreshing to have nothing to sell. Very liberal proposition. Send us list of towns you make, address, etc., and we will send complete particulars. Boy Department, Dearborn and Illinois, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—NEW, MIGHTY, MONEY-MAKING Marvel. World startled. New, marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized; positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines. Women astounded, wild over it. Absolutely harmless; $1,000 guarantee goes with it. $50 to $125 weekly; repeat order business easy. Exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted. Magic silver cleaner, polisher; big profits. Nature's mighty elements do the work. Write today; get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Sales Corporation, Dept. B, Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD ON FARM, IN SMALL town or suburbs, where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp; burns common coal oil (kerosene); gives a light five times as bright as electric. One farmer cleared over $500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning $100.00 to $300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital to reliable men. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 850 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

$300 MONTHLY. 500 PER CENT PROFIT selling our marvelous dry chemical fire extinguishers to homes, factories, stores, schools, etc., in your territory. Kills fire instantly. Low cost. Fast seller. Experience unnecessary. Agents, salesmen, general agents, get details. United Mfg. Co., 1083 Jefferson, Toledo, Ohio.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILLOW tops, luminous crucifix, photo china plates, frames, sheet pictures, etc., at prices below the lowest; guaranteed; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalogue and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk Z-2, Chicago.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SELL GUARANTEED hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

400 PER CENT PROFIT. EVERGRIP gliders. No rollers. Pocket samples free. Any one can attach. Cost 3c sell 15c. Homes buy dozens, hotels hundreds. Save floors and carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 20 J, Warren St., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS—MAKE $5,000 THIS YEAR. BE your own boss—independent—abundant money—your time your own. All or spare time—at home or traveling. Write E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 512 Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio, today for full particulars.

AGENT—GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO BE permanent representative largest manufacturers high grade soaps and toilet goods. $25-$75 weekly. Write for immediate appointment. E. M. Davis Co., R34 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS AND VACUUM CLEANER MEN—Get this—a new machine—sells quick at low price—commissions big. Write now. Standard Vacuum Cleaner Co. (not inc.), 1128 B, Newport Ave., Chicago.

OUR NECKTIE PROPOSITION BEATS them all. Wonderful bargain combinations with free premiums to customers. Big profits; outfit furnished; act quick. J. M. Grove Co., Box 508, Frederick, Md. (Est. 1901).

AGENTS—YOU CAN SELL MADE-TO-ORDER Raincoats. You need no money. Free Outfit. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 175, Templeton, Mass.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR NEW PORTRAIT catalog; also prices on best holiday seller, our Luminous Crucifix. Pioneer Portrait Co., 1258 W. 63d, Chicago.

BIG PROFITS TO AGENTS—MEN OR women, for introducing best specialty; no talking necessary. Write Houston Bros., 121 Opera Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.

YOUR SPARE TIME IS WORTH $1.00 EACH day. More if a hustler. No money required. We start you in business free. Rees Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and storekeepers supplied.

NEW SAFETY KEY RING HOOK, EASY seller, big profits. "Kant lose keys." Sample 10c. Almore Co., 852 Belmont, Chicago.

BIG MONEY STAMPING NAME ON KEY checks. Sample 12c. Hart Manufacturing Co., 303 Degraw St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

$5.00 MADE DAILY SELLING SMOKELESS lamp burners. Finch Co., 577 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

RAINCOAT AGENTS EARN BIG MONEY. Raincoat free. Harvard Raincoat Co., Dept. 46, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—BOYS TO SELL THE BLADE and LEDGER. People in every town in the United States want some boy they can depend on to deliver to them those two great papers each week. You get two cents out of each nickel you take in. You don't send us money until you sell the papers, you can return heads of unsold papers, so you pay for only what you sell. You can earn $1.00 to $5.00 per week for a few hours' work on Saturday. Get a Paper Route of your own, before some other boy Beats You To It. W. D. Boyce Company, 502 No. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

WANTED: TRUSTWORTHY PEOPLE, either sex, to travel and show our feature attraction, "Horrors of White Slavery," in picture theaters. Great chance for hustlers; one year's contract. Write quick. Queen City Feature Company, Dept. 425, Carthage, Mo.

I WILL START YOU IN THE MAIL ORDER business free if you will handle my goods. Crest Co., F, Atlantic City, N. J

MEN OF IDEAS AND INVENTIVE ABILITY should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 11, Washington, D. C.

$65.00 TO $150 MONTH PAID MEN AND women. Government life jobs. Common education sufficient. 2,000 appointments every month. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 30, Rochester, N. Y.

DETECTIVE—INTERESTING WORK, GOOD pay; we teach how; ten lessons, $2. Write Walter J. Burns Correspondence School, Inc., Detective Training School. Desk 29, Burns Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

CASH FOR HELP. NO CANVASSING. COLLECT names. We share profits. Send dime for postage, instructions. Midwest, The Wellington, Waterloo, Iowa.

SONG POEMS WANTED. WE WILL COMPOSE music and arrange for publication immediately. Dugdale Co. Studio 1204, Washington, D. C.

SILVERING MIRRORS, PLATING TABLEware, auto-brass home. Booklet-plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, E-Grant, Marion, Ind.

$25 WEEKLY COLLECTING ALL KINDS names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., W 52, Baltimore, Md.

WE PAY 25C EACH FOR WHISKEY DRINKers' names. Send dime for contract. Oro Company, Leroy, Mich.

MALE HELP WANTED

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK TELLS OF about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—MEN PREPARE AS FIREMEN, brakemen, electric motormen, train porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—$65 to $150 a month. No experience necessary. 500 more wanted. Enclose stamp for application blank and book. State position. I. Railway C. I., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BE OUR DETECTIVE, EXPERIENCED OR unexperienced; we appiont if mutually agreeable; send 55c money order for methods. Reliable; not a school; money returned if misrepresented. Revelare International Detective Service, Brooks Arcade, Salt Lake, Utah.

I WANT A RELIABLE MAN IN EACH county to give away premiums advertising Rodgers 20 year silverware. Pay $52 monthly, also commission. Chance for advancement. A. A. Cline, Advertising Manager, 806 Rodgers Building, Philadelphia.

A MONEY PROPOSITION — CO-OPERATE with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars. Desk 1001, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN; $100 MONTHLY; experience unnecessary; hundreds needed by the best railroads everywhere; particulars free. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

$10 PER 100 UPWARD PAID TACKING signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid secure territory. Shepard's Distributing Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

MEN WANTED IN ALL LOCALITIES, $20 weekly and permanent position showing samples. Large mail order house. Outfit free. Highest references furnished. American Grocery Co., Port Huron, Mich.

MOTORMEN-CONDUCTORS; INTERURBAN; earn $80 monthly; experience unnecessary; qualify now; state age; details free. Electric Dept., 770, Syndicate Trust, St. Louis, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, RAILROADS near your home, $100-$120. Experience unnecessary. Send age, postage. Railway Association, Dept. P-34, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BECOME DETECTIVES—LARGE SALAries; nice work; experience unnecessary; write Captain Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York

I MADE $50,000 IN FIVE YEARS WITH A small mail order business; began with $5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, Box 757, Lockport, N. Y.

AN INTELLIGENT PERSON MAY EARN $100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate, 917, Lockport, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE—EARN $25 TO $75 weekly; chance to see the world with all expenses paid. Loraine System, Dept. 312, Boston, Mass.

INVESTIGATORS WORK IN EVERY COUNty in the United States, $15 to $75 per week to start. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Wheeling, West Va.

GOVERNMENT FARMERS WANTED—AGE 21 to 60. Make $125 monthly. Write, Ozment, 68-F, St Louis, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED AND MEN TOO, TO ADdress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. "Key," explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Specialty House, Box 433, Chicago.

LADIES: MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME. $10 per 100. No canvassing required. Send stamped-addressed envelope for full particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WILL PAY RELIABLE WOMAN $250.00 FOR distributing 2,000 free packages perfumed soap powder in your town. No money required. B. W. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP—(Continued)

WANTED—WOMEN WISHING TO TAKE nursing, apply Montgomery Hospital, Eau Claire, Wis.

REAL ESTATE

LITTLE FARMS IN SHENANDOAH VALley of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts, near good R. R. town, $250 and up, easy terms—good fruit, vegetable, poultry and live stock country. Send for literature now. F. La Baume, Agr'l Agt., N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BUY A LOT IN OUR OIL DEVELOPMENT operations; share in the profits. Lots $30.00 each; pay $5.00 per month. Warranty deed with each lot. Write today; send first payment to Eureka Oil, San Diego State Bank, San Diego, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell, or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MEN—YOU CAN MAKE $52.20 ON AN INvestment of 25c. Write Standard Sales Co., New Harmony, Indiana.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS; $50.00 each; all or spare time; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OLD COINS WANTED.

$50 PAID FOR HALF DOL. 1853 NO ARrows; $5 for 1878 Half S. Mint; $100 for 1894 Dime S. Mint. Many valuable coins circulating. Get posted. Send 4c. Get our Illus. Coin Circular. It may mean large profits to you. Send now. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

BUFFALO NICKELS—25C EACH PAID FOR them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for old coins. Send 10c for coin catalog and particulars. Means $ to you. Jones, Coin Dealer, Dept. 6, Newton, Ill.

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

FREE TO YOU, MY CATALOGUE CONtaining latest ideas for embroidery patterns, art linens, novelties and working materials. Write today. Mme. De Vid, South Bend, Indiana.

ASTROLOGY

FREE! $1.00 LIFE HOROSCOPE. TELLS about love, marriage, business, all affairs of life. Send name, birth date, 6c stamps. Secretary, 1404 B. L. Security Building, Chicago.

FOR POLISHING

METAL POLISHING CLOTH POLISHES instantly. Lasts indefinitely. Once used, always used. Sample 10c. The Bottomley Co., Box 15, Hoxsie, R. I.

FORMULAS

$12.00 WORTH FREE! UPON RECEIPT OF 49c for postage we will send you "Ambrew Beer Powder" enough for 8 gallons of whiskey and wine and 48 gallons of beer. Made in 5 minutes by adding water. Paul Gatch, Ambrew Extract Universal Agency, P. O. Box 85, Linnton, Oregon.

RESORTS

FURNISHED ROOMS FOR LIGHT HOUSEkeeping at Cortez, Florida's great fishing resort. Terms reasonable. Address Mrs. J. C. Flowers, Cortez, Fla.

MONEY TO LOAN

6 PER CENT MONEY 6 PER CENT MONEY 6% loans may be obtained for any purpose on acceptable real estate security; liberal privileges; correspondence solicited. A. C. Agency Company, 758 Gas, Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo.; 446 Pierce Bldg., St. Louis.

CYCLECARS

"IMP" CYCLECARS AT INTRODUCTORY price. Get details. W. H. McIntyre Co., Dept. B., Auburn, Ind.

PATENTS

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK OF some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES," a 72-page treatise sent free upon request; tells what to invent and where to sell it. Write today. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

THE PATENTOME IS FREE. AN EDUCAtion in obtaining patents. Established 1865. Anderson & Son, Attorneys, 713 7th St., Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 112-pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT—PATENT YOUR ideas; they may bring you wealth; 64 page book free. Fitz Gerald & Co., Dept. 804, Washington, D C

SONG POEMS

"SONG WRITERS' KEY TO SUCCESS" SENT free. Get in right. Submit your poems now. We revise, compose, copyright and submit for publication on royalty or outright sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 13 West 42nd St., New York.

SONG WRITERS! SONGS PUBLISHED free, royalty paid and exclusive agency granted to first comers in each community. Join our association. Write quick. Co-operative Music Publishing Assn., Boston, Mass.

MEDICAL

RHEUMATISM? WEAR AN AZTEC ANTI-Rheumatic Ring. They're great. Handsomely gold-covered. For men, women. Circulars free. Bleder Specialties Co., Geneva, Ohio.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

25C TO US OR DRUGGIST, BUYS BOTtle Dr. Lee's liniment; never failing cure for sore throat, bronchitis, croup, tonsilitis deep-seated coughs, colds, inflamed glands whooping cough. The family's physician 75 years' success. Snap for agents. Trial order inducements. Persian Balm Co., 403 Federal St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRINTING

KEWPIE PARTY INVITATIONS—THE LATest. 24 complete sets 50c. Ritzmann, Brookes & Co., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

THIS DEPARTMENT WANTS TO SERVE Blade readers. Your ad here will reach more than 6,000,000 people. Cost is $4.20 for 14 words and 30c for each additional word, cash with order, including Chicago Ledger.

SEX, CLOTH BOUND, LATEST BOOK OUT on sexual subjects. Twenty-five cents, postpaid. J. L. Shirley Co., 1800 Blair, Nashville, Tenn.

READ "SHE," 25C. FOUR NIFTY PHOTOS, 10c. Catalogue, 2c. Paul Duff, 2713 Mozart, Chicago.

THREE LIFE POSES, "WOMEN BEAUTIful," real photos, and catalog, 10c. H. Gaston, Bridgeport, Illinois.

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD KNOW 50C; NO stamps. C. Wallace, 29 Vernon St., Providence, R. I.

PERSONAL

FREE SAMPLE MARVELOUS SALCURA mineral soap made from waters of wonderful Lake of Mystery. Best for skin eruptions, pimples, complexion; relieves all itching surfaces; purifies blood; soothes chapped hands. Brings healing mineral waters to your home. Send postcard. Salcura Co., 338 Mfrs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis

THOSE SUFFERING FROM WEAKNESS and lack of vigor should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z)

HOROSCOPE. HAVE YOUR HOROSCOPE scientifically cast by the reliable English astrologer, Maud Lindon. Mem. Nat'l Astro. Soc'y and famous astronomical author. For test reading send 10c and birth date to Mrs. Maud Lindon, Dept. A15, 1233 E. 50th St., Chicago, Ill.

CAN THE FUTURE BE FORETOLD? ARE you successful and happy? Many say my work is wonderful. You may test it for yourself. Send birth date and dime for trial reading. Mrs. Henker, Box 116, Los Angeles, Cal.

MARRY—MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS. Will marry. All ages. Directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. New plan. Dept. 37, 1228 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

IF YOU LIKE "REAL FASCINATING" books, photos, novelties, etc., send dime for "nifty" samples and illustrated catalogue (sealed). Williams Publishing Co., 721-A, North Dearborn, Chicago.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIPtions and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH PHOTOS AND descriptions of ladies and gents, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

WANTED — EVERYBODY SUFFERING piles, fistula, fissures, ulceration, bleeding, itching, write free trial Positive Painless Pile Cure. S. U. Tarney, Auburn, Ind.

FORTUNE TOLD—SEND DIME, BIRTH date, stamped-addressed envelope, three questions for trial reading. Betta Lane, Bevier, Mo.

HAVE FRIENDS AND SWEETHEARTS EVerywhere. Receive postcards from every place. Membership 10c. Hoosier Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

MARRY—THOUSANDS WEALTHY, ANXious for early marriage; description free. Confidential. 268 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

RED HOT! FOUR BEAUTIFULLY COLored bathing-girl pictures 25c. Pendergast Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

LOVE-O SACHET WINS YOUR SWEETheart without delay. Powder and its "SECRET" 25c. Britt's, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBlished for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FUTURE TOLD; ALSO PAST; SEND DIME, birth date. A. B. Fay, 5730 Madison St., Chicago

"LOVERS' PERFUME." MAGNETIC, POWerful. Sealed bottle free. Send stamp. Scientific Extract Co., Akron, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER; HIGHEST CHARACter; sealed; send 10c. B. W. LOVE, Box 1600, Denver, Colo.

MARRY—BEST PLAN ON EARTH. SENT free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Dept. 674, Marshall, Mich.

JOIN OUR POSTAL CARD EXCHANGE. 10 cents. Angelus, B. C., 1810 N. Fairfield, Chicago.

HUNDREDS WEALTHY MEMBERS SEEKing early marriage. Descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 752 18th St., Oakland, Calif.

RECEIVE PRETTY VIEW POSTCARDS from everywhere. Best card club membership 10c. Jolly Card Exchange, Decatur, Ind.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Mailed Free. The Correspondent (1), Toledo, Ohio.

LOVINE NEVER FAILS. EVERY PACKAGE guaranteed. Either sex. 10c. Two packages sealed, 20c. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

WHITE SLAVE STORY, "ELLA," CLOTH bound, thrilling, 50c. Ritzmann, Brookes & Co., Chicago

MARRY RICH—HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free (sealed). The Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LEIF THE BOLD

(Continued from page fifteen.)

Leif told humbly, repentantly, making it clear that, through the force of circumstances, he had heard, first, that Regnar's daughter was betrothed to Alger, and, afterwards, that she was his wife, but that no person's name had been coupled with the word "daughter" to enlighten him, and he had drawn an erroneous conclusion.

"Dear heart," he said regretfully, in conclusion, "I have been full of folly, but my sorrow is great. If I may be forgiven——"

"Pray tarry with your speech, sir. I have a confession to make, and my sin makes your error small. My Earl, when first I manifested interest in the new religion I did it in shameless spirit. We of my father's ship were eager to go back to our home, and I planned a trick.

"Knowing how deep your interest was in your religion I schemed to pretend interest—to pretend, sir—so I could win your good will and bend you to my designs, that we might be allowed to go.

"Sir, sir, believe me, it was never my purpose to trifle with youn love, but merely to overcome you by an appeal to religion. I began, but what happened? My pretended interest became real, I saw the light of your new faith and accepted it in all sincerity, and, more than that, my love went out to my teacher. But, Earl Leif, I was treacherous at the beginning, and I feel my sin greatly. Sir, sir, I await your condemnation."

She bowed her head before him for the words of endless censure.

CHAPTER XV.

BACK TO THE SEA

LEIF heard the sob that followed her last words, and as the light stole out of the heavens again he marked the sorrow in her face and the droop of her form, and his reply was immediate.

"My chosen one," he said gently, "it is not how we began but how we ended. If you planned against me before our love was aroused, I doubted you after that love was alight. My fault was greater than yours If you can forgive, I certainly can. Ay, and forget. Now, once more, hither!"

And he took her to his breast, content. She sighed, but now the sound was of deep joy. Two souls lay uncovered, confessed and made clean.

It was not until the threat of rain grew more ominous that they came back to the commonplace of life. Then Leif lifted the great hammer and flung it far away. The reunited pair clasped hands above the rune-stone, and theirs was the peace of complete understanding.

When they returned to the shelter huts and parted, Leif walked briefly alone. A review was in his mind, but as another subject engrossed him he looked up the slope to where he knew the rune-stone was. Gloomily he shook his head.

"Never can it be told of in Norse Sagas, and never can the history of Leifhome be written there," he murmured, "for I have sworn that it shall not be. Alas! that the Sagas cannot tell the story of this short-lived town. Unfortunate oath! It debars me from making known the tale of my love for Thora. This fact stings like a whip!"

He walked on, thinking, and then his face lighted.

"What if it is so?" he added. "Why should not the history of the town, and of Thora's heart, be regarded as something private and sacred? Why should frivolous persons read of what has happened here? Nay, 'tis something for me and my chosen one alone. It is well that I dare not break my oath, but all that has been done will dwell forever in the minds of Leif Erikson and his Thora!"

From that time preparations for departure went on steadily. The men were recalled from Vineland, and the united party set about repairing the two ships fully for crossing the ocean. New masts were stepped in the Strong Cub, and the sails taken from the roof and bent in proper place. Everything was overhauled and made as strong as possible, and when, later, food and water had been added, the party was ready for sailing.

Meanwhile, the swarm of Indians outside was steadily increasing. Weapons were plentiful among them, and their numbers made them appear so dangerous that no Norseman was allowed to go beyond the camp limits.

That an attack was fully determined upon no one could doubt.

The morning came for departure. The last article was aboard. The evacuators moved toward the water in a body and Leifhome was deserted. Bare and mournful the huts stood forsaken, while from the higher land the rune-stone lay in the calm of that to which Providence has given no power of thought.

A breeze blew steadily and strongly from the land, and when all were in the ships and the final moment had come the sails filled readily and the consort ships stood away from the shore.

Once more they threaded the S-shaped blue channel, with its twin borders of liquid, varied green; once more the sand-spit was passed, once more they neared the outer headland, and then, as they held their course, deeper water was found and they stretched away for the Norse country

On the deck of the Sea Rider Leif and Thora stood together, a marine glass now and then passing from the hand of one to that of the other. Near them were Inger and the other women, for the Sea Rider had greater comforts than the Strong Cub. On the deck of the latter Regnar and Alger also stood together, looking now at the land and then at those in the consort ship.

Earl Leif had talked freely with the Bear Viking, and good will was permanently established between them. Alger, too, understood, and though he felt a little chagrined that he had found no way to escape from the Red Raven, when he studied the subject it pleased him that he and the Raven were to be husbands to sisters.

The land sunk astern. Now the huts were to be seen only with the glass, and the rune-stone was a smear on the slope. It was a great consolation that, in all probability, the carved words upon it would mean nothing to the Indians and that it would be left alone.

Sigurd the Skald, was melancholy, for the stone was much to him, but Thorkel rallied him with unusual delicacy, and the poet faced the unavoidable with growing composure.

Still the vessels stretched away, and finally the land was only a long, slender blur on the horizon. An hour later even that disappeared, and, as far as the eye could reach, nothing but the pulsing blue water met the gaze.

Leifhome was deserted, but still Thora and Leif stood together on the deck, and the ships bore away for the Norse country where, by the decree of destiny, perfect happiness was to be theirs.

The End.

* * *

Ventilation.

Two motorists arrived late one night at the village inn, engaged a room and went straight to bed.

After the light had been blown out about half an hour they discovered that the room was so stuffy that neither of them could sleep.

"Where are the matches?" growled Cuthbert.

"There aren't any," groaned Clarence.

"Well, I'm going to open the window, anyhow. So here goes!"

Barking his shins as he went, the courageous Cuthbert at last reached his goal and tugged at the window pane.

"Can't open the rotten thing, now I've got here!" he panted.

"Break it, then!" grunted Clarence, the reckless.

Crash!

The tinkling sound of falling glass filled the room as Cuthbert hit the window with his boot.

"That's better," he said, as he once more pulled the clothes over his head.

"Rather!" answered Clarence. "A fellow can't sleep without proper ventilation."

When they wakened next morning they were surprised to find the window untouched, but the glass door of a big bookcase smashed to pieces.

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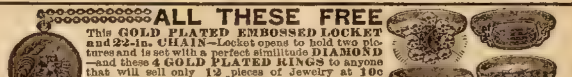
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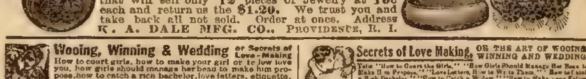
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COPIES WEEKLY,

GENTLE JABS

Remorse is memory that has soured.

Bank tellers know more than they tell.

And many gems of thought turn out to be paste.

When a man gets fresh he's spoiling for a fight.

Revenge is sweet only to the very small individual.

Some matrimonial bonds are very good dividend payers.

Many a man fails to get there because he never starts.

A cat will not look at a king if there is a mouse in sight.

When trouble goes to sleep, throw away the alarm clock.

People who live in glass houses should have rubber-proof curtains.

Unless a man has faith in himself there isn't much hope for him.

It sometimes happens that the chap who hesitates doesn't get lost.

Deafness is a terrible affliction to men who like to hear themselves talk.

Marriage isn't necessarily a failure. One always has a fighting chance.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but there are several still uncovered.

While there is a place for everything, only a few people have access to the index.

Be sure you are right, but don't be too blamed sure that everybody else is wrong.

On the other hand, the way of the transgressor frequently seems to be pretty smooth.

The good die young, but occasionally an old hen shows up on the bill of fare as a spring chicken.

When a woman attempts to propound a conundrum she forgets either the question or the answer.

It probably never occurs to an 18-year-old boy that he'll be a man some day and know as little as his dad.

Some men do not think they are being treated right unless you say to them: "What are you going to have?"

Many a fool man has worked himself to death trying to earn money to keep up the premiums on his life insurance.

There are but two really great disappointments in life. One is not getting what you want and the other is getting it.

The average man is willing to let his wife have the last word—and the sooner she gets to it the better he seems to like it.

PEPPERS

Contradicting Her.

A Cleveland lawyer tells a story about a woman from the country who wanted a divorce. When the case got into court the judge, disregarding for the moment the technical grounds, tried to find out the real reason for the lady's desire to be separated from the man she had lived with for so many years. The man himself was in court with a lawyer and it looked as if he was going to fight the case.

"Mrs. Dash," said the judge, "tell me what fault you have to find with your husband."

"He is a liar, a brute, a thief, and a brainless fool!" answered the lady promptly.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed his honor, with Wilsonian emphasis. "You could hardly prove all that."

"Prove it? Why, everybody knows it!"

"If you knew it, why did you marry him?"

"I didn't know it before I married him."

Then the husband spoke for the first time.

"She did, too!" he shouted.

■

The Weak Spot.

A religious worker was visiting a Southern penitentiary, when one prisoner in some way took his fancy. This prisoner was a negro who evinced a religious fervor as deep as it was gratifying to the caller.

"Of what were you accused?" the prisoner was asked.

"Dey says I took a watch," answered the negro. "I made a good fight. I had a dandy lawyer, an' he done prove an alibi wif ten witnesses. Den my lawyer he shore made a strong speech to de jury. But it wa'n't no use, sah; I gets ten years."

"I don't see why you were not acquitted," said the religious worker.

"Well, sah," explained the prisoner, "dere was shore one weak spot 'bout my defense—dey found de watch in my pocket."

■

The First Time.

In a certain neighborhood there resided an honest farmer, who was not easily swerved from the path of rectitude. He owned a horse which a couple of traders wished to possess. They called on the farmer and after some haggling gave him his price and drove off with the prize. They had scarcely gone three miles when the horse dropped dead in the road.

Seeing the farmer a few days later, they reproached him with: "What kind of a horse was that you sold us the other day?"

"A good all around horse, sirs."

"Yes, he was. He dropped down dead before we got three miles from home."

The farmer listened in open-mouthed astonishment, and then exclaimed: "Upon my word of honor, gentlemen, he never done that way for me."

■

The Jeopard.

An applicant for a place as teacher in one of the colored schools at Louisville was being examined touching his fitness for the position. He was a small, dapper, yellow person, wearing gold spectacles, a long black coat and an abiding air of great dignity.

The examination was in part oral and syntax had been reached.

"What is your definition of the word 'jeopardized'?" asked the examiner.

The candidate's brow wrinkled.

"Which?" he inquired.

"What do you understand the word 'jeopardized' to mean?"

For just one short half-minute he hesitated. Then he answered sonorously:

"In reply to yo' question I would state that that would refer to any act committed by a jeopard."

■

When He Didn't Need It.

Mr. Harper was very much better, so Mrs. Harper allowed the nurse an evening off. As she herself was to keep an engagement, she told Bridget to watch the sickroom and gave her several orders which she impressed upon the girl's mind were important. Returning later than she intended, she heard Mr. Harper moving restlessly, and after quieting him she sought Bridget for information.

"I wonder what makes Mr. Harper so restless. He was sleeping soundly when I went out. Do you know, Bridget?"

"No, mum," said the conscientious girl, "unless I disturbed him when I woke him up to give him his sleepin' powder."

■

Why Baby Cried.

A young mother, who had just returned from India, engaged a new nurse for her baby. The nurse came to her and said: "I don't know what's the matter, madam, but the little one cries and cries. I can do nothing to quiet it."

The mother thought a moment; then, brightening up, she said:

"I remember now. Baby's last nurse was a black one. You will find the stove polish on the third shelf in the kitchen."

A Short Week.

The Goodleys once had a parrot. Of course, it was a perfectly respectable bird, occasionally, but on Sunday evenings when Mr. Saintly paid his regular visits, it was deemed wise to cover Polly with a cloth.

Recently, however, Mr. Saintly took advantage of a half-holiday and made an extra call on Wednesday. As he was ushered in Miss Mary Goodley dexterously threw the cloth over Polly's cage. Greetings over, there ensued the usual awkward pause, which was broken by a squeak from the covered cage:

"Well, I'll be everlastingly blessed," said Polly, "this has been a thundering short week."

■

About Even.

Mr. Roosevelt wished to appoint an ex-rough rider marshal of a Rocky Mountain State, but first questioned him as to his past.

"Now, Ben," asked Mr. Roosevelt, "how did you lose that half of your ear?"

To which, looking shy, Ben responded:

"Well, Colonel, it was bit off."

"How did it happen, Ben?"

"Well, you see, I was sent to arrest a gentleman and him and me mixed it up and he bit off my ear."

"What did you do to the gentleman, Ben?"

And Ben, looking more coy than ever, responded: "Well, Colonel, we broke about even."

■

Good for the Medicine Men.

Admiral Dewey, on being complimented on his superb health, smiled and said: "I attribute my good condition to plenty of exercise and no banquets. One-third of what we eat, you know, enables us to live."

"In that case," said his friend, "what becomes of the other two-thirds?"

"Oh," said the Admiral, "that enables the doctor to live."

■

A Mere Trifle.

President Hazard of Wellesley told the following at a banquet:

"A girl graduate, in taking leave of her dean, said, 'Good by, professor, I shall not forget you. I am indebted to you for all I know.'

"'Oh, I beg of you,' replied the professor, 'don't mention such a trifle.'"

■

Nature's Abhorrence.

The physics instructor in a Texas high school was teaching a German girl whose vocabulary was not very extensive.

"What is a vacuum?" he asked

"I have it in my head, but I can't express it," was the reply.

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CHAPTER I.

HEADED FOR RACCOON RIDGE.

"LET me tell you, fellers, lugging this heavy old tent on my back nearly a quarter of a mile is no easy job!"

"Listen to Dolph whine, would you; and after offering of his own accord to take care of our precious tent! If only somebody'd grab up his clothes-bag! But say, Karl, is it really that far from where we left the boat that brought us all the way up here from the home town of Culver?"

"All of that, according to my figuring Luke."

"Well, what of it? I guess, now, this bundle of stuff to eat that I'm toting along is as heavy as Dolph's tent."

"Sure it is, Brose. And ain't every one of the whole six of us looking like a pack horse?"

"But here's the road before us!"

"Good for you Jack, to tell us that. It's the best thing I've heard ever since we left the river!"

"And here's hoping our patrol leader says we can drop our loads right now to wait for our missing comrade, Joe King, who was held back, and promised to make the run out on his ramshackle old wheel."

"As this happens to be about where I told Joe to meet us, we might as well rest up. So everybody take things easy."

The boy who gave this order seemed to be looked up to by the other five lads as one vested with authority. His name was Karl Robbins; and as he had had considerable to do with starting the Boy Scout troop in the little town of Culver, he had been elected as the first patrol leader. When things had gone on a little further, so that they possessed their uniforms, as well as a regular charter from headquarters in New York City, Karl anticipated qualifying for the position of assistant scout master; for of course they would have to secure the services of some young man interested in the welfare and development of boys to act as the real head of the troop.

The boy called Jack Burgoyne was really the assistant patrol leader, and would be expected to take charge in the absence of the recognized head.

Then there was Foxhall Cropsey, known among his mates as "Foxey" because of certain attributes that made him a natural tracker. He was keen on studying the different marks made by animals in their wanderings to and fro in the woods and promised on this account to become a very efficient scout, given time.

Next to him was Luke Crane, an unusually tall, thin fellow whose legs appeared to resemble in part the bird that loves to wade in the water. Luke's greatest ambition was to learn to fly, in some way or other, and hence everything connected with aviation attracted his attention.

After him came Ambrose McGuffey, whose fad was the signal service, so that he was seldom seen without one of those little red and white flags in his possession, with which he wanted to "talk."

The last of the six present was Dolph Simmons, a rather timid boy, who had only joined the scouts under considerable pressure, and was not yet sure that he would enjoy doing the many things the patrol leader kept mentioning as a part of their program during this little outing along the range of high hills known as Raccoon Ridge, lying quite a number of miles away from the home town.

There was a seventh member, making the patrol nearly complete; but Joe King had not been able to start before dawn with the rest of his mates, having some duty to look after. However, he had faithfully promised to overtake them about noon at a certain point arranged with the leader.

Some of the boys who were not accustomed to walking for hours with a heavy load on their back, made no secret of the fact that they were good and tired. They hastened to drop their burdens as soon as Karl announced that they would spend some little time there, eating a "snack" for lunch, and resting up, while waiting for the arrival of the seventh member of the patrol.

Taking them all in all, they were a pretty lively bunch of wide-awake American boys, as they sat there, eagerly devouring the sandwiches, of which all seemed to have a stock in their knapsacks.

Of course the talk soon drifted around to the subject in which they seemed [illegible], which consisted of the chances for securing their uniforms and other things connected with becoming real Boy Scouts at an early date.

"Why don't you get every fellow to make a report as to how much he's been able to earn toward buying his outfit, Karl? And at the same time tell just how he raked in the coin?" Brose McGuffey asked, presently.

"A good idea, Brose!" commented Luke Crane, with more or less enthusiasm, as though he had no reason to feel ashamed of what his report would be.

"Second the motion," spoke up Dolph Simmons, beginning to show considerable interest in matters, "and as I understand it, when anybody's been lucky enough to earn more'n he needs for his suit, the balance is going to be put in the general fund, so's to purchase some other things the troop'll need. Am I right, Mr. Patrol Leader?"

"Sure you are, Dolph," asserted Foxey, before Karl could utter a word; "and two of the very first things we'll buy will be a drum for you, and a horn for Joe King, who's goin' to make a mighty fine bugler for the Wolf Patrol of Culver Troop."

"That goes, Dolph," said Karl, smiling at the impetuous way in which the other had taken the words out of his mouth, as it seemed; "and suppose you tell us first what you've been able to do."

"Well, I'm the tenderfoot of the bunch, all right, and of course I couldn't know about as many ways of earning money as the rest of you," Dolph went on to say; "but I managed to pick up a half dollar here, and another there, doing things for my dad, who's in sympathy with this Boy Scout movement, while maw thinks it's all a lot o' humbug and will do me harm instead of good. I've got eleven dollars and seventy-three cents laid away, and hope to make it fifteen soon."

"Good enough for you, Dolph," remarked Karl, who had not expected to hear of such energy on the part of the weak-kneed brother; "and how about you, Foxey?"

"Me'n Luke here went in together, because it needed two to carry the loads, and so I'll report for both," the nervous scout replied, nodding toward his chum as he spoke. "He read something in the papers about how wild ginseng was bringin' so many dollars a pound for the dried roots, and so we started right away for a place in the woods where we'd seen some of the stuff growing. Say, we worked for all we were worth, and dug, and dried, and shipped it off to St. Louis to a house that advertised the highest cash price. Just yesterday we got a check for the first lot, and that ain't more'n half we managed to scrape together. Luke's dad took that check and we c'n have the cash any day we want. What d'ye think it stood for, hey? Twenty-seven dollars and sixty cents!"

"Bully for you two!" exclaimed Jack Burgoyne; "things look as though we'll have our uniforms before another month."

"Likewise that drum!" added Dolph, looking happier than at any other time during the entire day; for he was very fond of using drum-sticks, and, indeed, had shown quite a talent for the inspiring "long roll" and such music as may be extracted from a kettle drum.

"You're all looking at me next," remarked Brose. "Well, I had to pick up what I've managed to scrape together in a lot of queer ways. For one thing I gathered fresh mushrooms, and sold them to several rich people in town at fifty cents a pound; and as I happened to know just where heaps of the same kept popping up every night during these cool August times, I managed to collect more'n seven dollars that way. My total don't hold a candle alongside what Luke and Foxey did, but it ought to get me a suit anyway. And I ain't done yet. Put me down for thirteen ninety, Karl."

"And well done at that," said the leader earnestly; "how about you, Jack?"

"Seventeen dollars clear, with a promise of several more," came the reply. "And it would be easier to tell you what I didn't do to scrape that amount together, than to explain the dozens of ways I earned it. My dad promised me five dollars if I managed to keep my temper for a whole month, because you know how quick I am to fly off the handle, and how many fights that little failing has got me into in past days. Well, he said last night I'd sure earned it, and hoped I'd realized what a fine thing it was to control myself. I have, and that's just why I joined this scout movement, because I knew it would be the finest thing for a fellow like me. And now, Karl, how about you?"

"It's queer that I happened on something the same as Dolph and Luke," the patrol leader observed with a smile. "I had roots on my list, and managed to grub up not only some pounds of ginseng, but others like golden seal as well, that have a value in the wholesale market. I even spent a whole day searching along Cranberry Creek to see if any of the mussels there showed signs of pearls in 'em; but that was a day wasted, because I couldn't find a single pearl. Then I took photographs for some people, and altogether I've managed to store up twenty-one dollars during the month of August, every cent of it earned by the sweat of my brow; because the rules of the Boy Scout organization insist that every member of a patrol must work for the money which is used to buy his suit."

"With what Joe King's managed to pick up, I reckon we've got plenty for our outfit!" Brose McGuffey declared, exultantly.

"Sure we have, and the finest sort of a drum and bugle into the bargain!" cried Dolph.

The boys were so excited over the reports that had been turned in that they seemed on the point of giving vent to their delight in three cheers; but just then Foxey, who was always on the lookout, as became a born tracker and trailer, called their attention to the fact that a lone rider, mounted on a wheezy old bicycle, was bearing down upon them, coming from the direction of faraway Culver.

"Say, and he looks some excited, too!" exclaimed Luke; "see him wavin' his hat. What in the world's the matter with you, Joe King? Has anything been and happened at dead old Culver since we shook the dust of the town off our feet before dawn?"

"Dead old Culver!" echoed the new arrival, as he dropped off his ramshackle wheel; "you don't need to call names like that, Luke Crane. Anything happened? Well, I just guess there has. Culver ain't been woke up like it is now since the news of the Spanish war

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breaking out came to town. Just draw around and listen!"

CHAPTER II.

TROUBLE BEGINS.

IMMEDIATELY the newcomer found himself surrounded by a jostling, anxious bunch of boys. Every pair of eyes was glued upon his face, and had he shown any signs of wanting to hold back the information which he was conveying, he might have been handled roughly. But Joe was only too eager to tell.

"There's been a robbery, fellers," he burst out.

"In slow old Culver, d'ye mean?" exclaimed Luke Crane, apparently astounded.

"The biggest that's happened in the county for three years, I heard my dad say," continued the purveyor of startling news, with a sense of his own importance; for it was not every day that a Culver boy could find himself the center of such an anxious, excited throng of comrades, all hanging on his every word.

"Who got robbed, tell us that?" demanded Foxey, looking quite anxious, because his folks were well to do, and once, not long ago, a discharged hired man had made a clumsy attempt to break into the Cropsey house, giving them a scare, and himself landing in the clutches of the law.

"They cleaned out Mr. Barlow, the jeweler," Joe King went on to say, impressively; "took all his ready cash, a lot of gold watches, some diamonds, and I just couldn't tell you what. My dad says they made a clean sweep of the best of his stuff; and that the loss might figure up close to ten thousand dollars!"

All sorts of exclamations told how seriously the boys took the news. In their young minds that stood for a great amount of money.

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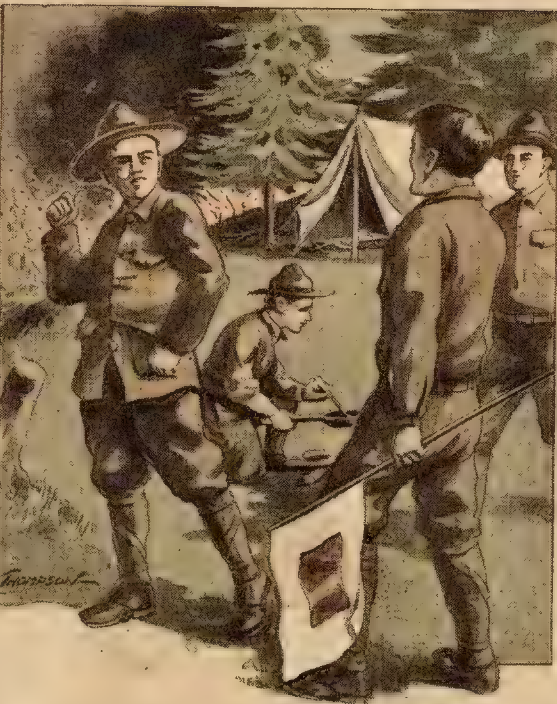

"If you just look over that way you can see the smoke."

"And to think," said Karl, with a shake of his head, "when the scouts trailed out of town at peep of day, while the birds were chipping in the hedges, and just waking up, not a soul knew about this terrible thing! But go on and tell us some more about it, Joe. How was it done? And who first discovered the robbery?"

"That's right, we want to know, if we ain't from Missouri!" echoed Brose.

"Why, seems like they must a been keepin' an eye on Barlow's place for some days, and that makes my dad say it was the work of these traveling hobo thieves that the police call yeggmen. They got in next door, went down to the cellar, burrowed clear through the division wall, and came up in the store that way. Then they pulled down the shades over the windows, and must have worked for an hour or two, goin' out the same way them came in. Nobody could get a trace of which way they went in leavin' town; and the police are all up in the air about it, telephoning to every place fifty miles around, and asking to have the roads watched. Whew! you ought to see how excited Culver is today. Nobody c'n do business. They just stand around, and look at the robbed store, and talk, talk, talk."

"Reckon Mr. Barlow feels kind of blue about it, don't he?" asked Jack.

"He's fairly wild, and says he'll be nearly ruined if he don't get all that stuff back again," admitted the messenger. "And he might have carried burglar insurance too, because my dad, he's the agent for a big company in that business. Last thing I heard was that old Barlow'd gone and offered five hundred dollars reward to anybody that gave information through which he could get his stock back."

"Wow! don't I wish them slick yeggs would just happen to come this way, and give us scouts a chance to earn all that fine money!" ejaculated Brose, with a very important air, for he was known to be something of a boaster; "and we could do it, too, believe me, fellows—seven of us, and about as smart as they make 'em."

"No such good luck, I'm afraid, Brose," laughed Karl; "but who discovered the robbery first, Joe?"

"Why, seems like old Patch Gowdy, who sweeps out for Mr. Barlow first thing in the morning, opened the store, and the next thing he was prancing across to police headquarters, shoutin' like he was crazy; for the inside of that jewelry establishment sure does look like an earthquake had struck it, because the robbers just tore things loose, lookin' for hidden treasure. They busted the safe clean open with nitro-glycerine, my dad said, and deadened the shock so that not a single person noticed it. Some say they waited till that one-thirty freight came along, and you know what a terrible row she makes a-climbin' the steep grade? Anyhow, they made a great job of it, and Culver is on the map today, because the news is bound to be printed in every city paper. Now, gimme something to eat, because I had to come away so fast that I forgot to get my sandwiches off the kitchen table."

Luckily there chanced to be a surplus of lunch, so that the newcomer, after fanning his heated face with his hat for a little while, was able to satisfy his boyish appetite fairly well.

"Well," Brose went on to say, as though the subject might be an attractive one to him, "if so be we could have the luck to run across them thieves we'd soon show some people in Culver that don't believe in this Boy Scout business what a fine thing it is to join, and learn a whole lot of things."

"Just stop talking that way, please, Brose," timid Dolph remarked. "We didn't come out here to grab desperate thieves, did we, Karl? Seems like Karl wanted a chance to get flashlight photographs of some little wild animals that prowl around in the night; Foxey means to study their tracks, and learn a heap about what difference there is in the trail of a raccoon and that of a mink; Jack said he expected to study localities and such things, because he's expecting to be our pathfinder, you remember; Luke here wants to watch how birds fly, because he means some day to take a trip up into the clouds. And you yourself, Brose, told me your greatest ambition was to get a chance to talk with the signal flags with Walter Baxter, who's got a sprained ankle and couldn't take the hike with us. Not a single word about playin' policemen, and surrounding a bunch of desperate hobo thieves."

"Joe, if you're done eating, please give the signal for an advance!" said the patrol leader, about that time.

So Joe, not having the bugle, which was coming before long, made certain sounds with his mouth that proved to be a very clever imitation of the clarion notes of a horn, and caused considerable merriment among the boys as they picked up their several packs, adjusted the same and prepared to start climbing the ridge that towered above them.

Raccoon Ridge was an ideal place for camping out. It was rocky, and yet covered with a thick growth of trees, among which a considerable number of small animals could always be found—red and gray squirrels, chipmunks, 'coons, 'possums, mink, and, in one spot where there was a bit of a marsh, muskrats were known to abound in considerable numbers, being seldom disturbed.

Had the season been later in the fall some of these enterprising lads might have attempted to add to the amount they were earning by trying to trap a few of these animals, so as to sell their furry coats; but as it was still warm weather they knew this was out of the question.

The hill proved steep in places, and frequent rests became necessary in order to let some of the burden-bearers recover their wind. Joe had hidden his old wheel in a hole among the rocks, where it would no doubt be safe during the time he expected to spend with his chums in camp. On the way back to town he could recover it again.

They had seen to it that he took his turn in carrying a burden; and Dolph was only too glad to get rid of the heavy tent for the balance of the journey.

As they drew nearer the top of the ridge they began to get distant views of the country that more than repaid them for all their exertions.

"Looky yonder!" cried Foxy, who had very sharp eyes, as might be expected of one who bore such a significant name among his comrades; "you c'n see the white steeple of the Methodist church over in Culver!"

"Easy as fallin' off a log," affirmed Brose; "I knew it'd be that way when I made that bargain with Walt Baxter about me standin' on the top of the peak and holdin' a little confab with him through the bully flags. We'll get a better view of home than this when we climb up there, eh, Karl?"

"I reckon we will, Brose," replied the patrol leader; "and I'm glad, for one, you made that arrangement with Walter, whose sprained ankle kept him from being along on this hike. Perhaps we'll get the latest news about the robbery, and he can tell us if the thieves have been caught."

Brose went on to say, in his pompous way: "Yes; and p'raps some of you boys who've been joshin' me about whippin' these here little flags around may have to admit that wigwag practice is one of the most valuable things a scout can know."

"No doubt about that, Brose," commented Karl; "but let's make another start. The sooner we get to where we want to camp the quicker we can rest up. There's the little brook that comes from that fine spring I told you about, fellows. We follow that from now on, and in a little while we'll get there!"

When the spring finally came in sight the boys were all greatly pleased, for the climb was so hard that they admitted they could not have gone much further.

First of all they flung themselves on the ground to get rested. When some time had passed it was noticed that the sun was sinking low in the direction of the distant western horizon and that the metal hand on the top of the church steeple glittered like gold in his declining rays.

"We'd better get a move on, boys," remarked Karl, springing up; "if we expect to have the big tent in place, and a merry camp fire going before dusk drops down on us. Here, lend me a hand, Brose and Jack, with the canvas. Luke, you and Dolph get a fireplace made, and start things going for supper. The rest of you tidy up the ground a bit, and bring in a lot of wood, for we'll need it later on."

Immediately the chosen camp ground became a scene of bustle, every boy starting with a vim to carry out his part of the program as laid down by the patrol leader. The tent was presently erected and made secure against any sudden summer storm that might swoop down upon them.

Meanwhile some of the other boys were lugging in wood and chopping a good supply, while Luke and Dolph, having made the stone fireplace for cooking purposes, spread out a portion of the food as they started to get supper ready.

It was about this time, just as dusk came stealing along, that Dolph was heard wailing over something.

"I tell you, Luke Crane, I put that loaf of bread, a package of prunes, and part of our cheese right on this here stone, and it ain't there now, is it? Either some fellow thinks it smart to play a

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trick on me or else it's been stole, that's what. A whole loaf of bread gone, and that cheese that I like so much. Make 'em own up, Karl, and quit botherin' us."

One after another the scouts held up a hand and gravely declared that they knew nothing about the strange disappearance of the food.

Then the boys exchanged puzzled as well as anxious looks.'

"Tell you what," said Foxey in a voice that trembled, "chances are them hobo thieves did come up this way, and they've gone and hooked our grub right now!"

CHAPTER III.

THE LONG NIGHT.

IT AIN'T SO, is it, Karl?" cried Dolph, turning pale with sudden alarm. "Make Foxey stop sayin' that. Mebbe some sort of animal sneaked in on us, and run away with our stuff; but desperate men wouldn't a-stopped at that, when we got a lovely ham a-hangin' up right here. Karl, what d'ye say about it?"

"It's hard for me to believe the stuff was taken by those hoboes, and that's a fact," admitted the patrol leader, "and perhaps there may be some sort of wild beast around this region that would steal a loaf of bread, given a chance."

"Yes, and cheese, and prunes in the bargain, don't forget them!" added Dolph, as he tried to push into the center of the excited group.

"Here, Foxey, get busy and tell us if you can discover a track around that same stone where Dolph says he left the stuff," ordered the leader.

"That's me!" remarked the one addressed, eagerly, for it made him have a fine warm feeling to think that his mates depended so upon him when it came to a question of looking for "signs;" though to be sure Karl knew more than a little in that line as well, even when giving him first chance to show his gait.

"Gimme that lantern, Joe King, and I'll soon tell you what's what," Foxey went on to say, energetically; and the others all watched him advance carefully toward the flat rock in question, scanning the ground at every step.

It soon became evident, however, that he was meeting with unexpected difficulties.

"Too much hard rock to find a trail, eh, Foxey?" asked Karl.

"Just what it is, Karl," admitted the baffled tracker, shaking his head; "and then you see Dolph's been prancin' around here a heap, goin' and comin', so how could I tell who made a track, even if I did find one? But it'd be easy, I reckon, for any crawler to come up here when nobody was lookin' and swipe our stuff. Likewise a bear could creep along and do the business without bein' discovered, except by accident."

"Oh, Jerusalem! are there bears up here, Karl, or is he just spreading it on to make me lie awake tonight?" demanded Dolph, shuddering as he glanced around at the mysterious woods by which the camp was hemmed in on all sides.

"I don't believe there's been such a thing as a bear seen around here for thirty years and more," declared Karl; "though of course one might have escaped from some menagerie that got wrecked on the railroad; or one of those trained bears that travel with the Russian wrestlers could take a notion to slip his collar and try to live wild again.

"Oh! why didn't we fetch a gun along?" wailed Dolph. "Do you think a bear would really come into the tent and grab one of us while we slept, Karl? I wonder if it'd be any safer for me to find a crotch in a tree, and sleep up there?"

"But bears live in trees part of the time, you know, Dolph, so I guess you'd be as well off with the rest of us," said Karl. But there's no use crying over spilt milk. Seems like we've lost some of our grub or else left it behind at the store last night. We'll try and look out for the rest from now on. Get busy again, Luke, and hurry that supper along, because I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"We're all that way," admitted Jack, "and come to think of it, p'raps that was one of the reasons Karl wanted us to call it the Wolf Patrol. Didn't he know what savage appetites we've got?"

Dolph could not forget the strange vanishing of the supplies as easily as most of the others. Even as he sat there later on, enjoying the bountiful meal that had been prepared, he shot an uneasy look every now and then around him, as though he half anticipated seeing some bulky monster advance out of the blackness of the woods and make a further raid on their precious supplies.

Apparently the other boys had about made up their minds that Dolph must have deceived himself and that there was no occasion for alarm. After supper was over they sat there and chatted and told stories until their eyes grew heavy, so that a suggestion that they turn in met with immediate favor.

Now Karl had been observing Dolph all the while, though making no mention of the fact, and he knew that the timid scout was not at all comfortable. The patrol leader had hopes that in good time Dolph would be able to overcome this timidity, but he also knew that to make fun of him and hold him up to ridicule was no way to bring about such a wished-for result.

And so, in assigning each one his place to sleep, Karl managed to put Dolph in the most secure spot under the canvas. The other guessed that Karl knew his worried state of mind, for he gave the patrol leader a quick, grateful look, and a nod that told how much he appreciated the little favor. It was by such small things as this that Karl had won the warm regard of every fellow by whom he was surrounded, so that when the question of electing a leader came up he had been chosen unanimously to the position.

As some of these boys were about to spend their very first night in camp, it can be readily understood that they would not secure much sleep. In the first place they would miss their comfortable beds at home. Then the strange surroundings would cause them to be wakeful. The slightest flapping of the tent in the night breeze was apt to cause a couple of heads to be raised, as though the wakeful scouts half expected to discover some intruder.

Karl might have slept all right only for the movements of these uneasy ones; and then there was Brose, who persisted in lying flat on his back, which caused him to give out the most wheezy grunts ever heard, bordering on snores; and made Foxey finally sit up, and shake him violently.

"W—what is it?" exclaimed Brose, as he half waked up.

"Oh! somebody shoo him away, please!" gasped Dolph, who must still be thinking about that robber bear that had been jokingly mentioned earlier in the evening.

"Why, you're sawing wood like a regular old engine, Brose," complained Foxey; "and nobody can get a wink of sleep. Just turn over on your side, like a good fellow, and keep still."

"And that's what I call a mean shame," complained Brose, "to go and wake a fellow up that way just to tell him to turn over. Why didn't you roll me on my side, I'd like to know?"

"I'll do something des'prate next time you let off such a groan as you did," was the vague threat Foxey made, as he cuddled down again in his blanket, though possibly not to sleep for some time.

Once Karl himself sat up and listened. He thought he had heard a distant shout that could only come from human lungs. As it was not repeated he finally dropped back again on his blanket. At the same time he heard a sigh as of intense relief from over where he knew Dolph lay curled up in his covering, from which fact Karl judged that the timid scout must have been on the alert, and watching what he did, no doubt holding his very breath with suspense meanwhile.

It was a long night for the boys, and one some of them would never forget.

When the first peep of dawn came there was a stir inside that tent, and then a figure crawled out to stretch, and, as Brose said, "get some of the kinks out of his muscles."

The others quickly followed, every one expressing himself as glad that the agony of that terrible night was over.

"You'll sleep like tops tonight, believe me, boys," Karl assured them, when they started to grumble about what a hard time they had passed through. "First night in camp nobody ever gets much sleep; but they soon find things looking different, and it's a hard job to get them up in the morning."

"Oh! I kept a-hearin' all sorts of awful sounds all night long!" Dolph frankly confessed as he took a towel and started down the little rivulet a dozen paces to where they had arranged a place for washing their faces.

"Reckon the most of them was crickets and katydids," jeered Brose. "You see, our tenderfoot pard ain't used to campin' out, and he imagines things. Wouldn't matter a whiff to me now if a 'coon even tracked over my face. When I make up my mind to go to sleep I don't let little things bother me, not much."

"And you like to keep on telling everybody all about it while you're taking your sleep, Brose," observed Foxey; "for of all the grunts and groans I ever heard, what you let loose in your sleep took the cake."

"Forget it, Foxey!" was all the comment Brose made.

"Oh! tonight I'm going to have a stick handy, and the first peep you give I'll start in to rolling you over like a bale of cotton. Scouts like peace, and they just got to have it, even if they fight for it."

"Less talking there, and get busy about breakfast!" called out Jack from inside the tent, where he was gathering his blanket, with the idea of hanging it from a limb, where the wind could get at it. He thus aired his bedclothes in the most approved fashion and one which would have delighted the heart of his good mother could she have seen it.

"Where's that Dolph gone to? He ought to be on deck to help me," said Luke, after a little time had passed and the odor of bacon commenced to scent the air in the immediate neighborhood of the tent.

"Why, last I saw him he was climbing up that rock yonder," remarked Brose; "said he wanted to take an observation; but somehow I got a notion in my head tha. he meant to find out if he could find a good place to sleep up there, where no wild bear might climb."

"Oh! leave Dolph alone, Brose," said Karl; "you know he's always been a whole lot of a sissy all his life. His folks helped to make him act that way by keeping a light burning in his room all night, and lots of other silly things. But somehow I've got a hunch that after a bit Dolph is going to come into his own and surprise a few of you fellows who have always boasted of never knowing what it was to be afraid of anything. Just don't notice anything he does and says, but leave him to me, and I give you my word I'll make a true scout of him yet."

"Huh! I believe you could if anybody could, Karl," grunted Brose; which was about as neat a compliment, considering the source, as the leader of the Wolf Patrol had ever received in all his experience.

"Speakin' of Dolph," spoke up Foxey, who was advancing from the spring with a pannikin of fresh water, needed for the coffee, "there he comes now, hurryin' down here to beat the band. And looks like he might have seen that bear after all!"

"I wouldn't be surprised but what he's made some sort of a discovery," remarked Karl; "because he's showing

(Continued on page twenty-two.)

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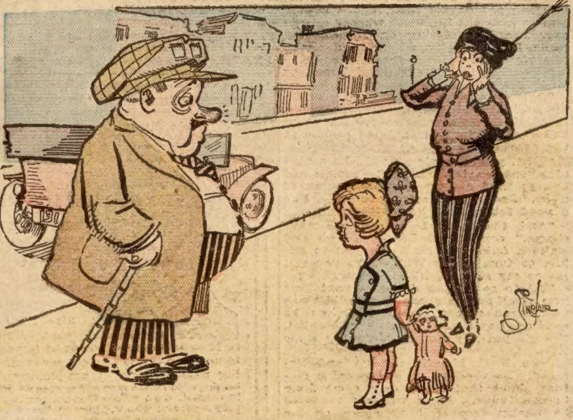

"Won't you give me some wine, uncle? I want to color my dolly's dress!"
"But, my child, you can't color it with wine!"
"Oh, yes; mamma is always saying it's wine that makes your nose so red!"

Hidden Treasure.

There was a bustle in the little white house early one summer morning. At seven o'clock the Lanes were to leave for Wildwood, a little village far away, near where Mr. Lane had taken up a claim.

The Lanes had one daughter—Mabel, a very pretty child. She had golden hair and large, merry brown eyes. She was a very imaginative child and would sit for hours, dreaming about fairies. She was not lazy. No, indeed! She could wash the dishes and dust and sweep, but as the house was very small, the work was soon done, and while her mother was helping her neighbors put up fruit or sew, Mabel would sit on the doorstep and imagine that fairies were living in the trees and grass, and that they came and talked to her.

But now I must turn back to the bustle in the little white house. All the furniture was being put in a small wagon, drawn by the old horse, Dolly. They traveled for two long weeks, but at last reached Wildwood. It was a very beautiful place to little Mabel, who had never seen such great trees as there were in the woods all around them.

It was a great many days before Mr. Lane had finished the cabin which was to be their home, so Mabel explored most of the woods. One hot afternoon she was sitting under a large oak tree, watching the birds hop around, when her eyes fell on a knot in an old dead tree.

"That looks like a doorknob," thought Mabel. She ran up to take a closer look. What do you suppose she saw? A little door, right in the bark!

"I guess I will see if it will open," said Mabel. She took hold of the knob and immediately the little door opened.

Her greatest desire had always been to have a doll. Mr. Lane's earnings had been small and there had been little left for pleasure, so she had never owned what most little girls have. She had thought that some time the fairies would bring her one.

As the door opened, her eyes fell on a small object, and as she looked closer it seemed like a doll; yes, a real, truly doll, with a wooden head, on which its hair was painted black, and starry blue eyes. Its clothes were yellow with age. Its costume looked like the Colonial people of 1800. The pantalets were almost down to its shoetops.

Mabel was so delighted she could hardly move at first. Presently she carried it to the light and took every piece of clothing off her treasure, and on its back was printed in old English print, "Matilda Maria." The door in the tree was once some little girl's cupboard, where she had kept her doll. The cupboard was filled with ancient toys. There were six dresses for Matilda Maria and an old-fashioned sampler with "Prudence" worked on it. I suppose that was the name of the little girl who kept her doll in the tree-cupboard.

There never was a happier little girl than Mabel, nor could Matilda Maria have better care than her new little mother gave her. When Mabel was a grown girl, she still kept her "hidden treasure."

Out on the Hills.

Do you remember the hymn called "The Ninety and Nine"? It is about the ninety-nine sheep of the flock that were brought to shelter and the one that was lost. The hymn says that "one was out on the hills away," or something like that.

It wasn't through any careful search of the shepherd at Bohally that one sheep was saved from death. The sheep did all the saving. Bohally is in Perthshire, a county of Scotland northwest of Edinburgh. This is a sheep-raising country, but the watchers of the flocks have to be careful not to get snowed under. January 11th of this year there was a great fall of snow and one of the Bohally sheep was caught in it and lost. No traces of it were seen after the storm, and the shepherd knew that it had been buried under the snow.

So it had, but more than a snowstorm is necessary to kill that woolly sheep. The shepherd found it February 10th, a month later, and it was still alive under the snow. Its heavy, curly overcoat had kept it warm. There wasn't much left of the sheep, though. Suppose, you had been buried in the snow so that you could breathe but couldn't work your way out, you'd likely be hungry by the end of four weeks. The sheep had been hungry and had nibbled off all the wool on one side of its body.

BAD DOG!

I hold my little doggie tight,
For he is awfully, awfully bad.
He's always looking for a fight,
And oh! it makes me very sad.

I love him better than my dollies,
For he is real and runs around.
He chases motor-cars and trolleys—
A much worse dog could not be found.

Spurs Well Won.

(Continued from page twenty-one.)

signs of excitement, all right. What's doing, Dolph? Why all this hurry?"

"We'll just have to pack up and get out of this right away, Karl!" gasped the tenderfoot scout, as he came stumbling up.

"That's too bad, Dolph. But tell us why?" urged the patrol leader.

"Because if we stay here we'll get caught, that's what!" added the other.

"Caught by a raging bear, is that it, Dolph?" jeered Brose, whereat the greenhorn scout turned a look of supreme contempt upon his taunting chum.

"Caught by one of them awful forest fires, that's what I mean," he declared, solemnly; "if you just take the trouble to look over that way you c'n see the smoke a-pilin' up over the trees, and blowing right in this direction, too!"

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

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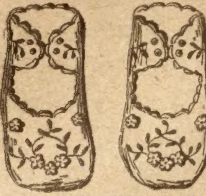
Now that the fall house-cleaning is over, we will have more time to ourselves for doing many of the little things which we have neglected lately. A splendid idea for us to work upon is the making up of our Christmas lists. Each year we all have the same experience of having to rush things at the last minute, so why not make an early start this year and avoid that dreadful nervous tension of the last week. Let us get into the real Christmas spirit by enjoying the making of these gifts, as well as the giving. It is safe to say that not one of the illustrations presented here can fail of appreciation.

—

DESIGN NO. 3629—These dainty little infant's shoes are extremely simple to embroider and make. The flowers and small leaves are embroidered in the satin stitch and the stems neatly outlined. As color is being used so much on all white work, these little shoes would be very dainty worked in delicate shades of pink, or blue, with the scallops embroidered in the same color. Instructions for making are furnished with the design.

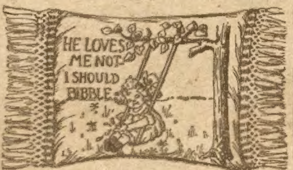


No. 3629.

Infant's Shoes. Stamped on white mercerized poplin. Price: 15 cents. Floss for embroidering, 16c extra.

—

DESIGN NO. 954—On this pillow design is one of the ever popular little "Campbell Kids," which will appeal, I know, to many of our readers. The letters, daisies, leaves and rope are all worked solid in the satin stitch, while the rest of the design is simply outlined.



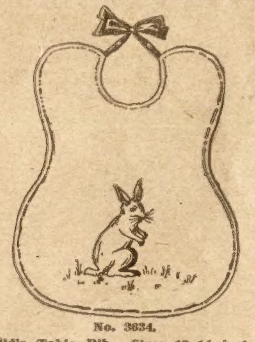
No. 954.

Pillow. Size: 17x22 inches. Stamped on tan art ticking. Price: 30 cents. Floss for embroidering, 52c extra.

As a finish for the pillow, fringe like that shown in the above illustration can be furnished by us at 25 cents a yard.

—

DESIGN NO. 3634—An attractive table bib which will appeal to the little tot is shown in the illustration given here. The design may be secured tinted either in the little rabbit, as is illustrated, or with a small kitten design, whichever is preferred. A diagram lesson with complete instructions is furnished with the design.

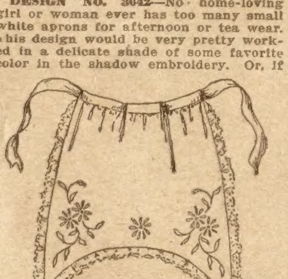


No. 3634.

Child's Table Bib. Size: 13x14 inches. Stamped on heavy corded pique. Price: 30 cents. Cotton for embroidering, 5c extra.

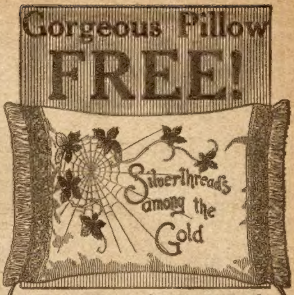
—

DESIGN NO. 3642—No home-loving girl or woman ever has too many small white aprons for afternoon or tea wear. This design would be very pretty worked in a delicate shade of some favorite color in the shadow embroidery. Or, if preferred, the design may be embroidered in all white. Full instructions for working are furnished with the design.



No. 3642.

Fancy Apron. Size: 18x23 inches. Stamped on white voile. Price: 25 cents. Floss for embroidering, 24c extra. Cotton for embroidering, 10c extra.


Gorgeous Pillow
FREE!
Silver Threads among the Gold

"Silver Threads Among the Gold" Hand tinted on tan art ticking for embroidering in rich shades of yellow, brown and silver. Size 17x22 inches. This is a perfectly gorgeous pillow, the design illustrating the sweet old song everyone loves.

We will give this lovely pillow top and back to every lady who enjoys embroidering on receipt of 30 cents in stamps to pay for 6 skeins of silk floss in required shades to start embroidering at once.

We make this generous offer solely to show you how easily the finest embroidery is learned by Richardson's Home Lessons, and how much more lustrous and rich is Richardson's floss than its many imitations. You receive—

1 Pillow Top with Pillow Back	worth 25c
6 Skeins of Richardson's Pure Silk Floss in exact shades, and Embroidery Lesson	" 30c
1 De Luxe Premium Art Book picturing 500 Embroidery Patterns given free for tags saved from Richardson's Floss .	FREE
Total you receive worth over	55c

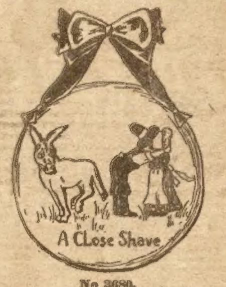
All sent postpaid for 30c and your dealer's name. Money refunded if you are not delighted.

RICHARDSON'S PURE SILK FLOSS GUARANTEED FAST

in gorgeous shades with rich Oriental luster. Write Today, enclosing 30c in stamps and dealer's name.

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY
Dept. 5018 305-9 W. Adams St., Chicago
Makers also of Richardson's Grand Prize Spool Silk

DESIGN NO. 3080—This unique little gift for a man is especially useful. The design includes the tinted cover, foundation board, lining, a pad of shaving paper, and a lesson with complete instructions for embroidering and making.

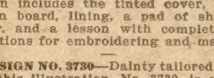


No 3680.

Shaving Pad. Size: 7¼x7¼ inches. Stamped on brown linen. Price: 25 cents. Floss for embroidering, 20c extra.

—

DESIGN NO. 3730—Dainty tailored bows like this illustration, No. 3730, is one of the many little accessories necessary to every well dressed girl or woman's wardrobe. A small bit of colored ribbon or velvet is run through the bows, forming a background for the embroidery.



No. 3730.

Tailored Bow. Size: 5 inches. Stamped on white linen. Price: 8 cents. Cotton for embroidering, 5c extra.

Address—In ordering these designs, please send numbers and price of each to Embroidery Dept. No. 10, Chicago Ledger, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

He Wanted Praise.

Following a disastrous fire in a Western city, many men and women gathered to look at the ruins. Some of the men, seeing that a wall near which they were standing was toppling, made haste to get out of the way, and narrowly escaped being crushed.

Johnny Brabison, a good Irish citizen, was so near the wall that he could not escape with the others. So, whirling about, he made for a door in the wall, burst through it, and came out on the other side safe, and evidently very proud of his exploit. Women who had shut their eyes and shrieked when they saw his danger now gathered round him in great joy, and cried out:

"Praise Heaven, Johnny Brabison! Down on your knees, and thank Heaven!"

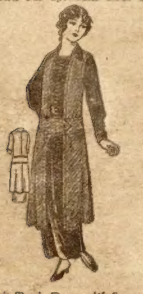
"Yis, yis," said he, "and I will, but wasn't it injaneyous in me, now?"

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

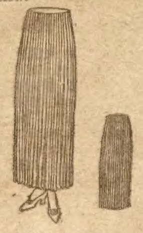
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

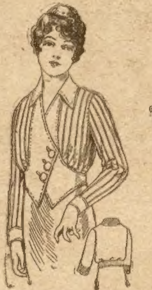
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



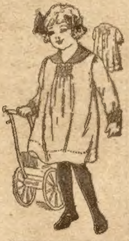
8451 Tunic Dress with Low Belt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



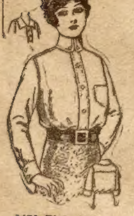
8466 Accordion Plaited Skirt for Misses and Small Women, One Size, 16 or 18 years.



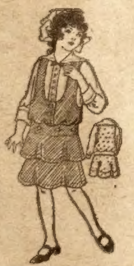
8462 Blouse with Vest Effect, 34 to 42 bust.



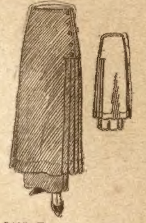
8465 Child's Dress, 2 to 6 years.



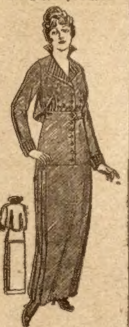
8470 Plain Waist, 34 to 44 bust.



8458 Girl's Costume, 6 to 12 years.



8463 Two-Piece Skirt with Russian Tunic, 24 to 30 waist.



8464 Cape Gown, 34 to 42 bust.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

.... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US ....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

NAME..
Street No.
or R. F. D...
Box............Town...
This is a.......................Subscription. State.........................
(New or Renewal)

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

WONDERFUL TRIAL OFFER FREE

FOR CATARRH AND ASTHMA SUFFERERS

It makes no difference how bad your Catarrh or Asthma may be, the very first use of this treatment will bring you instant relief. I tell you to depend upon it absolutely.

Swiss-American Company Makes Wonderful Offer—Uses New Method Against the Inroads of This Awful Disease.

Send No Money—Just Your Address—Complete Treatment Will Be Sent You Promptly.

If you who read this have catarrh—if you are one of the vast army of sniffling, nose-blowing, throat-clearing victims of this disease—I have a message for you. It's a message of hope, and a fair, square offer of the means needed to conquer the trouble. It cured my catarrh of many years' standing, and I believe it will do as much for you.

I don't intend to charge you so much as a single cent for testing and **proving** this wonderful and scientific conqueror of catarrh. I want every sufferer in the world to know of its remarkable value, and the quickest and surest way is to send the entire treatment to every catarrh-afflicted victim who sends me his or her name and address, **at once.** This is not just a sample, but a **full and complete treatment.** This one treatment **will last you** a lifetime, and assure you against the annoyance of colds and other catarrhal troubles. There will be no re-orders to pay for. You do not have to buy again and again.

Don't send a cent of money. Send **nothing** but the coupon below. We will let you use this treatment five days without charge for the TRIAL. If the trial doesn't convince you, and if you are not entirely satisfied, you owe me **nothing** for the trial.

I mean this: I think I have the means you catarrh sufferers have so long looked for, and I am willing to go to this length to assure your getting its benefits. I will send the entire outfit, postpaid, to every applicant as far as I can. I **may** not be able to supply those who delay, as thousands of requests will probably be received, but I will do my best, and **you** are urged to send the coupon **at once.** You might as well mail it **now** as later, and be sure of being in time.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Manager Swiss-American Co.,
Desk 36, 102 N. Fifth Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.:

I have never tried the SWISS-AMERICAN TREATMENT, and should like to do so if I can without any cost, for the 5 day trial.

It is distinctly understood that **this trial** places me absolutely under no obligation to buy anything.

I suffer from catarrh or asthma.

Name ....

Address ....

FREE READ WHAT THESE PEOPLE SAY!

Had Catarrh 7 Years—Nothing Did Any Good Until Tried Vaporator Treatment

Caruthersville, Mo., Aug. 19, 1914.

Swiss-American Co.:—

I received your treatment for catarrh and have found it O. K. and will gladly recommend it to any one who suffers from catarrh. I had this trouble 7 years and have tried many remedies but found nothing would do any good until I tried the Swiss American Vaporator and I found relief and will gladly answer and recommend to any sufferer. Yours respectfully, J. R. Tate, Caruthersville, Mo.

Ordered June 29, 1914.

—

Had Catarrh 52 Years

Union, Ohio, Aug. 11, 1914.

Swiss-American Co.:—

My catarrh trouble is of long standing; had it ever since I was 25 years old. Am now 77 years old, so you see it takes time, but this I can say that I never put the Vaporator to my mouth but what I receive the benefit. I carry it in my pocket every day. Yes, it is my doctor in my pocket. This trouble has nearly ruined my eyes; they watered so bad that I had to be wiping all the day, but now have quit watering and the vision is getting better. My hearing is getting better. David Weimer, R. 1, Union, Ohio.

Ordered July 21, 1914.

—

Treatment Has Done More Good for Asthma Than Anything Else

Topnot, N. Car., June 16, 1914.

Swiss-American Co.:—

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you hear from me. I got your coupons all right. I am highly pleased with your treatment and I feel it my duty to write to you. I have had this asthma about three years and I think your treatment has done me more good than anything I have ever used. Mrs. Ada Fuqua, Topnot, N. Car.

Ordered May 15, 1914.

Worth Its Weight in Gold to Me

Detroit, Mich., August 19, 1914.

Swiss-American Co.:—

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to write you in regard to the Swiss Vaporator for catarrh treatment. I can say it is truly wonderful what prompt relief it brings. Your treatment has been worth its weight in gold to me.

I thank you for your kindness to me.

Wishing you the success that you are entitled to, I am, respectfully, Mrs. H. A. Busch, 23 Baker St., Detroit, Mich.

Ordered July 2, 1914.

—

Checked Asthma Right Up

Stringtown, Okla., August 16, 1914.

Swiss-American Co.:—

I appreciate the Vaporator highly, and wouldn't take no kind of money for it. It has proved to me to be very good so far. It has given me relief where no other medicine has. I had just taken the Asthma when I got it. The attack had been on two nights and days when I received the Vaporator. I began using it and checked it right up, that is something no other remedy had done.

Will write you in a few days. Yours respectfully. Shelby Colbert, Stringtown, Okla.

Ordered July 8, 1914.

—

Believe It Is The Very Thing For Catarrh

Louisburg, N. C., Aug. 18, 1914.

Swiss-American Co.:—

Your Wonderful Remedy at hand. Glad to say I think it is a blessing sent to me by the Almighty and you. From the first time I used the Vaporator I found relief. I believe it is the very thing for my catarrh. I shall use it faithfully on my case.

With best wishes to you and great success, I remain, Rev. J. C. Balthrop, R. 3, Louisburg, N. Car.

Ordered August 3, 1914.